JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this No. see Page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

NOTICE

A HUSBAND

AND

A HOME

AS

A PRIZE

SEE

MRS. BULL

THIS WEEK.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

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JOHN BULL.

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Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XI. No. 286. Saturday, November 25th, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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The John Bull League.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

GRAND SMOKING CONCERT
AT
THE CATHEDRAL HOTEL, COCKBURN STREET,
TO-MORROW (FRIDAY), NOVEMBER 24th, at 8 p.m.

Preceded at 7.30 p.m. by
THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
(confined to Members, on production of card of invitation).
Business:—ELECTION OF COMMITTEE AND OFFICERS AND OTHER MATTERS.

GLASGOW AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

FIRST ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING,
UNION RESTAURANT HALL, WEST NILE STREET,
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, at 7.30 p.m.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

GOVERNMENT TROUBLE AHEAD.

There are bad times in store for the Government. The Insurance Bill will set half the country by the ears; the failure of the Territorial Force will render some form of Universal Service inevitable; the sterility of the Land taxes will cause reaction against the "People's Budget"; Home Rule will prove a bigger job than is at present realised; a big Industrial strike is practically certain; and with the new forward fighting policy of the Opposition, the outlook for the Ministry is anything but hopeful.

COMMONPLACES.

We advisedly omit Franchise Reform and Welsh Disestablishment from the list, regarding these as political commonplaces. By whatever process it is arrived at, it may be taken for granted that in substance the country is ripe for Adult Suffrage (which necessarily includes the women); whilst the average citizen does not care a fig about the Welsh Established Church—he would not become very excited about the English one. It will not be on either of these subjects that the Government will fall—and we are rather surprised that such a shrewd man as Mr. Bonar Law should have placed the defence of the Welsh Church in the forefront of his programme.

INDISCREET MINISTERS.

Mr. Asquith must muzzle some of his Ministers. It was only the other day that we had Mr. Hobhouse telling the East Bristol electors that the grant of Home Rule was a tactical bargain with the Irish Party in return for their support of the 1909 Budget, comprising taxes "which were admittedly unpopular in Ireland." And now we have Mr. Birrell advocating Home Rule upon the principle that we should "cut our losses" before we have to find further money for Ireland. A platform censor is an absolute necessity if the Party Game is to be saved.

WILL HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

The two rival States of Eastern Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick can each boast of giving birth to great Parliamentary leaders, as Mr. Borden, the new Canadian Premier, was born in Halifax, whilst Mr. Bonar Law first saw the light in New Brunswick. Mr. Borden, before attaining office, was the leader of the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament for no less than sixteen years. Will history repeat itself in regard to his compatriot?

MR. MASTERMAN—A SUGGESTION.

We observe that it is "proposed"—simply proposed—to get up a testimonial in North-West Ham to Mr. Masterman. We do not suppose that money is rolling in very freely, so here is a suggestion for the Committee. Let them engage some of the boys who have been crippled or disfigured for life at the Akbar and other Reformatories and send them round the constituency with collecting boxes, labelled, "Please spare a penny—*for Mr. Masterman.*" We will gladly publish the result.

The Lay Lawyer.

In another column will be found an announcement of the forthcoming issue of this new journal. What JOHN BULL has been to the Party system, the *Lay Lawyer* will be to the present Legal system. But we must be careful to keep out of the Courts!

COMING TO GRIPS.

At last we are to have a "debate" on foreign policy, although we very much suspect that Mr. Swift MacNeill was not far wrong in his prediction that it will resolve itself into the usual interchange of colourless amenities between the Front Benches. Next week, however, we may have a few plain words to say to our German friends. It is time *somebody* spoke out.

STILL MARCHING ON.

Lord Robert Cecil believes that "if Parliament could get away from sensational Bills, *and get to business*, it would do more good than under present conditions is likely to be done in ten years." We shall keep our eye on Robert.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

We have always understood that what is termed "the Cambridge manner" is a thing that can be picked up only by actually becoming an undergraduate resident at one of the houses of learning at that ancient University. We shall have to reconsider our view, since a couple of "spoof" freshmen could play the game so well as to deceive the smart tradesmen of the "High," as has happened recently. These spurious collegians certainly seem to have dressed the part well, and, attired in tweed coats and flannel continuations had no difficulty in obtaining all the goods they needed by the mere production of a "cheque from the Dad" (the cheque being drawn on that time-honoured institution, the Bank of Elegance!). The Cambridge police are said to be now worrying all the genuine "freshers" up there who go about hatless and wearing grey flannel "bags"; but the real Simon Pures are probably sporting their gorgeous raiment in quite a different part of the country.

"LUNEY" LEADERS.

There is trouble—big trouble—in Lancaster, where the linoleum works of Lord Ashton are situated and the river Lune flows out to seaward by Glasson Dock. It dates from the time when his Lordship presented the capital of the County Palatine with a noble range of municipal buildings, costing £150,000, and for thanks was stigmatised as trying to make capital of another kind—political, to wit—out of the present. Quite recently there was a promise of a rise all round in wages at the Ashton works, but for certain reasons (which may or may not have reference to attacks made upon Lord Ashton personally by labour agitators in the borough) the rise is not to come off, and if necessary the works are to be closed altogether. It is difficult to get at the real rights—or wrongs—of the matter. But it is pretty safe to say that the majority of the operatives concerned are bitterly regretting that their livelihood looks like being taken from them through the tactics of a few irresponsibles; and, if they could get hold of the agitators in question, a ducking in old Lune is the mildest treatment which would be meted out.

"RECOGNITION."

What do railway men think of this? An advertisement recently appeared in a Bristol paper inviting tramway workers and taxi drivers to a Sunday morning meeting at the rooms of the local Trades Council—whereupon the following notice was posted up at the works of the Bristol Tramways and Carriage Co.: "It has been brought to my notice that by an advertisement appearing in Wednesday's evening papers, tramway workers and taxi drivers are invited to attend a meeting of the Trades Council on Sunday next. I therefore think it desirable to inform all the Company's employees that attendance at this meeting *will be regarded by the Directors as an act of disloyalty*.—CHARLES CHALLENGER, Manager." That manager is aptly named.

FOR THE ELECT.

There is to be an International Eugenic Congress in London next year. In case any of our readers are hazy as to the precise meaning of that precious word "Eugenic," we may observe that it includes such stimulating topics as the physiological aspects of heredity, variation in and from type, race admixture and changes in racial character. In a secondary sense, Eugenics have a direct bearing upon our marriage laws, the prevention of the multiplication of the unfit by segregation and sterilisation, and alternatively *the encouragement of the propagation of the fit*. All the most prominent sociologists of France, Germany and America, as well as the most advanced professors of the eugenic doctrine in this country, will attend the Congress, to which we may rest assured that the Bishop of London will receive a special invitation. We do not so far hear whether any "demonstrations" in any branch will be given. But it is certain that all of us will have to begin to be very careful. For one can never tell who is watching us with a view to determining who is "fit" to go on living.

AND QUITE RIGHT TOO!

We have searched inwardly but cannot find in our heart one drop of sympathy for Walter Charles Deane, a medical student, of New Cross, and a particularly pernicious brand of scoundrel besides, on whom sentence of three months (but why in the second division only?) has just been passed for a most brutal attack on a servant girl in his mother's employ. Deane's high spirits and sense of pure fun were so marked that he deliberately pushed the poor girl down a flight of steps, whereby her leg was fractured. Very naturally, she claimed compensation for her injuries; but although the Judge of the Lambeth County Court awarded her £20, not a penny of it had been paid. In sentencing the defaulter, Mr. Allan Lawrie took occasion to tell him that if he had exhibited the slightest sorrow for his conduct he would have treated him more leniently. But this kind of brute never is sorry for other people's suffering. It is only when pain makes his own hide tingle that he is touched. The pity is that the Judge was not empowered to have him well flogged.

STATE INSURANCE.

This is what an employer thinks of the Bill:—

> I, for instance (although my net income is a very moderate one), employ about 90 men and boys. At present I pay them FULL SALARIES during sickness, and give the adults one week's holiday ON FULL PAY per annum. Now is it likely that I am going to continue to do this after the Insurance Bill becomes law? No, YOU CAN'T really get NINEPENCE for FOURPENCE, Mr. Lloyd George to the contrary notwithstanding. My employees will have to submit to 6d. per week each reduction all round, that is certain. The extra 2d. will compensate me for the trouble of sticking on all those stamps. Mr. Lloyd George says, "The industry will pay." It makes one smile to think what small knowledge of business these professional politicians possess!

We commend these remarks to Mr. Lloyd George and his "friend, Mr. Lansbury."

A "STARTLER."

We were drowsing over the paper the other morning when we lighted upon the following startling announcement:—"It is rumoured that the eldest son of a Peer will shortly marry a young lady in the chorus of a musical play at one of the London theatres." Fortunately, we are not easily scared; but, all the same, editors should really exercise more discretion in the printing of staggering news of this kind.

RUSSIA AND PERSIA.

It is monstrous that Britain should have to watch the violation by Russia of that law of nations by which Persia is entitled to the protection implied in her international agreements. We are face to face with the spectacle of a Liberal Government looking on with hypocritical emotion, but masterly inactivity, whilst Russia is throwing its treaty obligations to the winds under the falsest of false pretences, and this flagrant outrage is apparently to be perpetrated without a word of protest—on the contrary, with what looks like criminal acquiescence—on the part of a nation whose pride it is that it honours its treaty obligations. The attitude of the British Government in regard to its obligations to Persia under the agreement is in great measure the price Britain has to pay for the secrecy with which Foreign Office affairs are conducted; it is the price it has to pay for permitting the Foreign Minister to withdraw his activities from the sight of Parliament and deprecate in smooth diplomatic phrases all Parliamentary curiosity in regard to them. Sir Edward Grey has carried the gospel of silence almost to the point of contempt for Parliamentary representation. He is hidden away like the Pope in the Vatican. He works in an impenetrable atmosphere of mystery. We must wait till it pleases this shadow of God on earth to speak; when he speaks we must listen with bated breath; after he has spoken we must not question except in whispering humbleness; and, above all, when we are answered we must take the reply without criticism and in prayerful thanksgiving. We hope the forthcoming debate will act as a tonic to him.

PANTOMIME "BUSINESS."

One often hears of pantomime "business," but what about the "business" pantomime? Will Drury Lane this Christmas give us a pantomime worth listening to, as well as worth looking at? There was a rumour afloat a little while ago that Mr. Rudyard Kipling had been "approached" to write the "book"! The system whereby a pantomime forsakes all fairy-tale traditions, and developes into a series of good, bad and indifferent music-hall turns, is one to be deprecated, even when the one and only Arthur Collins gives us a set of stage-pictures that are alone worth the money charged for our seats. What we want is, not a pantomime that exploits a few "star" turns, between which is sandwiched the "cold meat" of the old familiar story, but a good, all-round cast, pretty scenery and dresses, and above all a good "book" that shall tell the tale poetically, and withal fancifully. A pantomime based on these lines—does anybody remember "Cinderella" at the Lyceum considerably more than a decade ago?—would spell a big success, and would mean more children in the auditorium. A little off the star's fee, and a little on the author's, would bring this about.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

We cordially agree with Bailie Fraser that Chief Constable Macnaghten, of Inverness, has made a great deal of unnecessary fuss in charging the Rev. Herbert Dransfield with molesting the police in the execution of their duty. The parson had heard that two policemen had arrested some sailors and badly mauled them. He went to them somewhat excitedly to ask for information, hazarded the opinion that the arrest was a shame, was threatened and bullied in the common manner of police in such circumstances, and, on his retorting on them in forcible language, the Chief Constable brought the parson to court on a charge which, in the opinion of the Bailie, ought not to have been made at all. The offence was purely technical, and without any real substance. By the way, are we correctly informed that the Inverness police receive 5s. for every bluejacket they run in?

A COINCIDENCE.

Here is an advertisement from the front page of the *Morning Chronicle* of Friday, December 15th, 1820:—

> NEXT SUNDAY will be Published No. 1. of a NEW WEEKLY PAPER, price sevenpence, called "JOHN BULL."
>
> Professions are useless: works of this nature speak best for themselves. As a newspaper, it will contain all the intelligence of the week, foreign, metropolitan, domestic and provincial; and all the ordinary information found in similar publications.
>
> For its politics and principles, its readers must judge for themselves. *It may be necessary to observe that it is established on a novel system—that of stating the plain truth and calling everything by its right name.*
>
> "JOHN BULL," like the laws of his land, knows no distinction of persons—ministers, whigs, radicals, lawyers, authors, poets, painters, actors, members of Parliament, peers, and even princes, *are his property to criticise—to praise or censure as he shall see fit.*
>
> "CARELESS OF SMILES, AS FEARLESS OF FROWNS, 'JOHN BULL' WILL DO HIS DUTY."

The italics are ours. We may mention that the price of the *Morning Chronicle* was also 7d.; and it was largely due to the efforts of the late George Jacob Holyoake that the "Taxes on Knowledge," as they were called, were removed.

A STOCKTON PROTEST.

A correspondent from Stockton-on-Tees writes us protesting against the waste of public money in fixing Labour Exchange plates. He says: "Stockton is inundated with them; large and small, these eyesores are to be seen everywhere, even in back streets, and in some cases two very large ones not two feet apart. Efforts, I believe, have been made to get permission to fix them on all public buildings and schools, which seems to suggest that there has been no limit to their issue. In a straight quarter-of-an-hour's walk in one direction there are over half-a-dozen of these plates, and even the countryside is littered with them. If Stockton is a sample of what has been done in the towns, then there must have been a scandalous waste of money. It is just as necessary to advertise the Post Office, Old Age Pensions, etc. For heaven's sake, hurry up that Business Government." Hear, hear.

"LETTERS FROM HELL."

A Bristol reader tells us that if we will refer to page 99 of "Letters from Hell," published by Macmillan, we shall find this sentence:—"I have come to suspect that nothing is more outrageously false, and cruel, opposed to every Will of God, than what goes by the name of Party Politics."

A WORD FOR AUSTRALIA.

From a Sydney reader:—"Although the cost of living is higher here than at home, it is not so high as most people imagine. This is undoubtedly the working man's paradise. Nowhere in the world is he better looked after. Cheap food, high wages, glorious climate. I can save three times as much as I could at home and have a rattling good time as well, and do not have to work nearly as hard. Any energetic young Englishman can do well out here." Now, don't all rush away at once!

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

It appears that the Rev. David Barron, a Baptist Minister of Eastbourne, has hitherto been taking an active part in politics. He has now, however, announced from his platform that he has "decided, without pressure from any human source, to retire from political work and to give his whole strength to the work of the Church." Evidently his inspiration was divine, and we commend his example to Messrs. Silvester Horne, F. B. Meyer, and other clerical politicians.

London Restaurant Kitchens.

On the principle that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve, we like to assume that the kitchens of London restaurants are as they should be. If one gets a hair in the soup, or the corpse of a black beetle in the vegetables, or an aroma of past years in the chicken, apologies are abundant and plausible, and the one remedy is to leave the place, with or without your money back, never more to return. But in course of the same post we have two letters, one complaining of the soup served by a certain Soho restaurant, and another by one of the kitchen staff offering to elucidate for us the derivative aspects of the stock-pot. But we know the smell of a libel as well as we know the odour of a Soho chicken, and unless we inspected the stock-pot ourselves, and saw remains from customers' plates returning to their lair, we could not divulge the name of that restaurant.

Where are the Inspectors?

Of course if an experienced *gourmet* demands to know what one can expect at places which provide seven courses for two shillings, each one a dinner in itself, commencing with *hors d'œuvres* and finishing with dessert, one is at once challenged to a sum in proportional arithmetic which the most expert sanitarian may not regard as his duty to face. "I can tell of places where cooks are working not fit for dogs," says the kitchen hand to whom we have previously alluded; "I would give the sanitary inspector himself ten minutes in one, and then he would understand." No doubt he would, if he cared to believe what he saw and smelt. Sanitary inspectors, like policemen, are not always where they ought to be, however, and probably there are restaurant kitchens in the depths of London which would frighten even an official with a nose for drains. When all is said, few things in human affairs are more touching than the confidence of the customer above in the *chef* below. Seven courses for two shillings—in evening dress—half a bottle of one-and-sixpenny, a *flor de Clerkenwell*, and a free seat at the theatre—ye gods and little fishes, what a night out! As the Bishop of London says, this is an age of luxury.

Another Nail.

Oldham is another nail in the Party coffin. We are not concerned to compare the number of votes recorded for Mr. Dennis with those given in favour of previous Unionist candidates, nor shall we enquire how far the Socialist poll represents defections from the Liberal candidate—we do not even trouble to consider on what points the Socialist was, or was not, in agreement with his Liberal opponent. All that interests us is the fact that the Government has lost another seat and is consequently to that extent so much more dependent upon its Labour and Irish allies—all of which makes for the abolition of the present Party system.

More Chinese Pig.

We trust the Local Government Board is carefully reading John Bull, while some of our correspondents are revealing unto us the unbewitching purport of Chinese pig, at present coming into this country as a desirable article of human food. A Royal Naval reservist, who spent five years in China, says that in every town he visited he noticed that the pig was the scavenger of the streets, "roaming about and eating all the offal and filth of the dwelling-houses and shops; and filth and offal in the fullest sense of the word. As to feeding pigs on rice or grain—as the Local Government Board investigator alleges—I do not believe they do anything of the kind. If the people of England could see pigs in China eat what I have seen them eat, no more Chinese pork would come into this country, you can take my word for that." We do.

Change at Egremont.

A few days ago, a gentleman called at the General Post Office at Egremont, asked for a shilling's worth of stamps, and, having no small change, tendered a sovereign. An official declined to supply the stamps on the ground that the operation would take too much of his change. Two hours later the man was approached by two policemen as he was going about his business in the town, and required them to accompany them to the police station; in fact, he had to suffer the indignity and annoyance of being walked at mid-day between the policemen through the principal street of the town. At the station he was informed that it had been suggested to them by the Post Office official that the sovereign he had tendered might be a bad one. On that point he soon satisfied them, and he was then allowed to leave, but no apology of any kind was tendered to him for the insult. It is a most indefensible and, we should say, actionable occurrence, and we hereby call the attention of the Chief Constable of Egremont and the Postmaster-General to the facts.

Good Luck to Them!

It appears from the *Deddington Deanery Magazine* that the Barford St. Michael Club have won their first match against Swalcliffe by 3 goals to 0, and the reason we are glad of it is that, according to the writer of the notes, the team "can only practise on moonlight nights." Let us hope the day will never come when the vicar has to solicit an offertory of candles.

The New "Ripon."

As the official announcement is made there can no longer be any doubt that the new Bishop of Ripon is his lordship of Sodor and Man, the Right Rev. T. W. Drury. When, however, the newspapers a few days before had practised their (sometimes) intelligent anticipation of events by announcing the appointment, his lordship denied it. Peradventure it was the old, old story; his lordship was praying for guidance, whilst his wife was packing the boxes.

Is Life too Short?

In the usual manner of a debating society, the youths of Eton College recently propounded for discussion the question, "Is Life Too Short?" It is suggested that the next subject for debate should be, "Is Walter Long?"—the superb talent which tackled with such conspicuous daring and large vision the one problem will hardly quail at the other. One gentleman is recorded as having "enlightened the society with a tremendous lot of statistics, and revealed how many gallons of beer the ordinary centenarian consumes," but whether this was an argument for the insufficiency of life or of beer is not obvious. Whether life is too long or too short "all depends." In the Temple Church, for instance, the lawyers are sometimes heard singing "Brief life is here our portion" in a harmony of ecstatic elation. Life is too short if you like it, and it is too long if you don't; and, whether you like it or whether you don't, you must put up with it unless you wish to die under an imputation of temporary insanity.

Griffiths, of Oswestry.

The only minister protesting against the self-righteousness of the reports of the North Wales Association of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church concerning the wickedness of people indulging in such games and pleasure as "football, cricket, cards, dancing, etc.," was the Rev. R. E. Griffiths, of Oswestry. He seems to remember his Ecclesiastes, who warned Welsh Calvinists and others to be not righteous overmuch. Almost every day we are expecting these unco guid to pass a solemn resolution affirming the iniquity of laughter—and the danger of smiling.

BADLY COACHED.

It must strike many who have followed the discussions upon the Insurance Bill that Mr. Lloyd George is very badly coached. It would be easy to quote a score of misstatements dealing with vital issues, misstatements that might have been avoided with great ease. Let us take one of the most recent. In the House of Commons the other night, he is reported to have said that the Manchester Unity at the present time "pooled" its benefits for Scotland separately. Now if there is anyone who should know what the Manchester Unity does in this matter it is Mr. James Harford Hawkins, Past Grandmaster, and one of the directors of the Manchester Unity. And this is what he says in reply. "If he (Mr. George) is correctly reported he has been either incorrectly informed, or has greatly drawn upon his imagination, as such a condition of affairs does not exist." What would have been simpler than an enquiry of some responsible official of the Manchester Unity as to its practice before the Chancellor of the Exchequer was allowed to commit himself to a definite statement of fiction?

NOT THROWING IT ABOUT.

In response to an appeal for a subscription to the Bristol Miners' Strike Fund, Mr. Hobhouse writes:—"I have much pleasure in sending you a subscription of £1 in answer to your appeal on behalf of the Bristol miners. I should gladly have given a larger subscription had I not just had to incur the heavy expense of a contested election." As a combination of Petty Spite and Spiteful Parsimony, this is hard to beat.

THREE CHEERS FOR LORD PLYMOUTH!

The Crystal Palace has become so integral a feature of London life—we might almost say British life—that the thanks of all are due to the Earl of Plymouth for his timely and public-spirited action of saving it from destruction. Coming on top of the heavy financial sacrifices which the Earl made in connection with the recent Festival of Empire, his present action is doubly commendable, and we sincerely hope the entire burden of the purchase will not be allowed to fall upon him. There is such a thing as riding a willing horse to death!

"HANG IT—WE SHAN'T HAVE ANY MEN LEFT SOON."

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For issuing a placard announcing: "Great Detective Story, The Dead Man's CHILD *Nearly* 3,000 FEET LONG,"
"THE B. B. PICTURES" (Town Hall, Greenock)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Mr. and Mrs. William A. Stone, who are caretakers of Messrs. Hallett and Martin's offices, Portland Street, will celebrate their golden wedding on Thursday. They have eight daughters and one son, and a party numbering thirty will meet to celebrate the occasion. Reckoning the produce to be worth only £2 10s. per ton, and the yield at seven tons per acre, it will be seen that this crop alone is worth something like £1,250,000."
THE SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO (Southampton)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Prior to Saturday the 'Spurs hadn't won an away match SINCE THE LAST TIME."
THE LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its account of a recent wedding: "Both parties are well known, the bride having been BORN ON MONDAY LAST, *the* CONTRACTING PARTIES *being the well-known* CAB PROPRIETOR *and* LANDLORD *of the Crowthorne Inn, and the* BRIDEGROOM *a member of the Broadmoor staff."*
THE CAMBERWELL NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, at the first monthly meeting of the Rat and Sparrow Club, Great Chart: "The following heads and tails were handed in:—Rats 468, moles 147. DEAR MAMMA, FROM HER LITTLE CONNIE."
THE KENTISH EXPRESS AND ASHFORD NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a recent review in the "Morning Post" of a book by Mr. Max Beerbohm, that the author "has drowned the whole University as though determined not to HEAR *the* ABSENCE *of laughter."*
MR. ROBERT ROSS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that a man was summoned for "*RIDING A BICYCLE WITHOUT INDECENT LANGUAGE *in Bath Street,"*
THE PIONEER (Ilkeston)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a police court report, that: "Accused then STRUCK *him a heavy blow, which he* DODGED,"
THE SUFFOLK CHRONICLE AND MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that: "*MISS *Alice Emily Kite, of Church Road, Mitcham, who is in her* 101ST *year, goes out shopping every day with her daughter, who is 81 years old,"*
THE EVENING DISPATCH (Birmingham)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For describing one of the characters in a story as: "Maria Smith, Nellie's stepmother, who is supposed to be John Smith's legal HUSBAND, *but is in reality the wife of Mike Foster, a criminal and jailbird,"*
THE RED LETTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, at a recent meeting, "The programme included SON *by Mrs. McVitie,"*
THE WESTERN DAILY PRESS (Bristol)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "A number of fishing cobles had been caught in a squall and were in danger of losing their LIVES,"
THE BRIDLINGTON FREE PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, under the heading "Wonderful Balloon Record," that: "The average speed was no less than 1,100 KILOGRAMMES."
THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

MORE SALVATION ARMY TROUBLE.

FURTHER RESIGNATIONS—BRAMWELL BOOTH YIELDS TO MUTINEERS—BEGBIE'S BOOK—WIFE DESERTERS—THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

The resignation of leading officers in the Salvation Army goes on. Since we last drew attention to this symptom of disintegration, 200 staff and field officers, among others, have thrown up their commissions.

The most notable is Colonel Miles, of the United States, who was regarded as a bulwark of strength to the corps. The Colonel was applauded as the "Demosthenes of the Salvation Army in America." A story is told of how, on one occasion, Miss Booth, his leader, resented the Colonel's eloquence at a great gathering in Philadelphia on the ground that it detracted from her influence as a speaker. "Two Hamlets," she declared, "spoil the play." *He* is gone.

REVOLTS.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth, a most amiable lady, went over to Canada a few weeks ago and desired to see Miss Booth at New York on the question of the resignation of her officers, the coming separation of America from London control (which is almost complete), and other matters. Miss Booth found it convenient to be busily engaged some distance from the metropolis, and so the breach widens. In theory, the unity of the Army in England and America remains, and statistics will still be sent to the International Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street. But the American "Army" is practically no longer a wing of the English body. *Not a single officer of any standing has recognised the authority of the centre for years.* All the staff own their own houses, stick tenaciously to their posts, and smile at the idea of being ordered from London to go at "God's command" anywhere outside the Land of the Stars and Stripes. They all "graft." The movement there is deteriorating from a similar cause to that operating here—the subordination of everything to money.

The annual feed to the poor in the United States, about which much coloured ink is used, takes three months to organise by field officers, most of whose time is occupied in cadging from saloons and churches for funds with which to defray the expense. Miss Booth has completely lost her influence as an officer in the Salvation Army in the States. Her notoriety as a sensational speaker at conventions remains. She seldom keeps her appointments and gads about with a large staff, which is offensive to American people, while the work of the Army is considered only as an organised charity and is run on highly sentimental lines. General Booth is very bitterly disappointed with the United States, and attributes the failure of the Army there to British officers whom he has sent from England.

BRAMWELL BOOTH YIELDS TO MUTINEERS.

In England Mr. Bramwell Booth, the commander of the "united" forces, has had to yield at last to the persistent mutterings of dissatisfaction, and return to the plan of superintending the Army in this country by a separate Commissioner. Commissioners Howard and Coombs had control of the work in Great Britain. On the latter returning to Canada, it was taken over by Mr. Booth, with the help of a secretary named Commissioner William Edie. One day recently he was found disobeying one of his chief's pet ideas—namely, sending one of his children into the ordinary ministry instead of to the Clapton Training Home, and so he was shunted off to South Africa. The Church, in Mr. Bramwell Booth's eyes, is synonymous with the Devil. Now Commissioner Higgins takes Coombs' place.

The new broom has begun well. He has confessed that the work of the Corps in Great Britain is played out in several parts of the country. Field officers are enraptured with his outspokenness in their select meetings, and hope that his acknowledgment of the truth will be followed by the adoption of the scheme for saving the movement which we outlined in JOHN BULL. But has Commissioner Higgins arrived too late?

BEGBIE'S BOOK.

Another subject that is giving London officers grave concern is the fear that the truth about the stories in Harold Begbie's book, "Broken Earthenware," may get to the ears of the public before the next Self-Denial Week appeal is issued. That book has had a sale of nearly 100,000. It has been favourably quoted by the Bishop of London. It professes to deal with the conversion of ten terrible sinners in Notting Dale. The question people are asking is, "Where are the ten?" It is reported that two field officers who personally sought for them last week could not find them. One man challenged the officer of the Army at Norland Castle, Shepherd's Bush, to produce three of the number. The challenge was not accepted. This is a most serious matter, as over £10,000 has been received on the ground that the terrible sinners are still "saved."

WIFE DESERTERS.

One of the greatest enemies of Trade Unionism in the Salvation Army has, we learn, come to grief. He did not resign in the ordinary manner. He eloped. Although a family man, he fancied that his domestic bliss would be enhanced by the company of the daughter of one of his staff. The other day both their places were vacant. Salvation Army detectives are on the hunt for the missing pair, and the latest information is that they did *not* book through the Emigration Department. Further West, a major—we withhold his name at present—has resigned. And thereon hangs a tale. Several field officers have also left the body during the past few weeks.

A movement has quietly sprung up among old hands which demands, among other things, the abolition of the "target" system of raising money for "Self-Denial." We have recently seen a letter from a staff officer on the subject, which is to the effect that, unless corps receive authority to fix the amount that they can raise, and the poor of their own neighbourhood benefit to some extent from the General Funds—most reasonable stipulations—a meeting will be called to submit the facts about "Self-Denial" to the Churches.

THE TRUTH ABOUT COMMISSIONER COOMBS.

It will be remembered that Colonel Kitching wrote to the Press, at the suggestion of Mr. Bramwell Booth, denying the repeated statement made in these columns that Commissioner Coombs had resigned, alleging that he had only retired for a season on account of illness. Colonel Kitching knew at the time that the Headquarters "Freezer" had been turned upon Coombs, in the way it is turned upon all who show any independence of spirit. Now Coombs, who is running a Land Agency and making money faster than he saved souls when with the Army, is being held up to ridicule by former comrades because he has drawn salary all the time he was supposed to be on furlough. For twelve months he has sat rent free at the Army's expense. We hold no brief for Commissioner Coombs, but after thirty years' service in the Army all over the world it is hard lines for him that, after living on a starvation wage in the concern, he should not get some compensation for his labours, and that his furlough grant, to which Mr. Bramwell Booth gave his assent, should be sneered at by Army officials! Coombs made a good "deal" with Headquarters. It is stated that he is now worth $250,000.

POST OFFICE SLAVES.

PREMIUMS ON DISHONESTY AND STRIKES.

The other week we commented on the case of a woman who fulfilled the duties of "postman" in Westmorland, delivering the mail for a four miles circuit, at a weekly wage of 3s. Her appeals for an increase had been refused, and her pitiable state of semi-starvation compelled her to apply to the parish. Fortunately for her, the Guardians were more humane than the postal authorities, and they granted the woman relief. It was pointed out that she was deformed, and we suppose that the authorities thought 5d. and a fraction per day enough for one so stricken. We cannot think that Mr. Herbert Samuel can have any real knowledge of the truth about the state of many postal workers and the pay they receive, nor do we think that one in a thousand of the public has any idea of how far the present conditions encourage dishonesty. From time to time we read of a postman being imprisoned for theft of postal orders; but are the true causes of many of the thefts made public? On November 7, Frederick Charles Thwaite, 29, assistant postman, pleaded guilty before the Recorder (Sir Forrest Fulton) to stealing a letter, containing a postal order for 6s., in August, 1910. There seemed to have been several complaints of letter-stealing on the prisoner's round, but he absconded, and was not recognised until October 18 last, when he was seen at Drury Lane Theatre during a performance. The prisoner had served in the Army, and had the South African medal and a pension. Mr. Hutchinson, on his behalf, complained that the prisoner was only paid 11s. 3d. per week by the Post Office, and that this, and his pension of 3s. 6d. per week, was all he and his wife and child had to live upon. The theft was committed at a time of great financial distress. The wage paid by the Post Office to the prisoner was a terribly low one. Since he had absconded he had been getting his living at Greenwich as a painter. The Recorder, to save the prisoner's pension, refrained from passing a sentence of hard labour, and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment in the second division.

We are glad that Sir Forrest Fulton was so merciful as to save this poor man's pension, but what can be said of a great Public Department, making millions of pounds profit yearly, paying a postman 11s. 3d. per week, out of which the man had to keep himself, wife and child? With his added pension the sum was only 14s. 9d., and any thinking person must admit that no family can pay rent and buy food, firing and clothing in London on such a wage. It is, in point of fact, a premium on theft.

These are not isolated cases. Only the other day a postman in the Leicester district complained that he had a round of sixteen miles daily, and his wage was 1s. 6d. per day. When he does only a ten miles journey he receives 9d.

Mr. Samuel's answer to grievances like these is a promise to appoint a Committee in 1913 to inquire into the state of things existing in his Department! Such inaction is provoking a disaster.

A "SCANDALOUS THING" AT OLDHAM.

MAGISTERIAL SEVERITY—IN LANGUAGE.

It is desirable that a member of the Oldham Town Council should call upon the Tramways Committee for an explanation of their treatment of John Hall, a tram conductor. Hall was brutally attacked by a drunken man, who boarded his car, seized him by the throat, and bit him through the hand, his money being scattered about the street. He had to go to a doctor to have the hand dressed, and because he could not again work that day owing to his injuries, which of course had been incurred in the performance of his duty and by no contributory fault of his own, they have refused to pay to him the day's wages. Two of the magistrates spoke in the strongest terms about the Committee's action when the drunken man was before them, stigmatising it as a shameful and scandalous thing. On this point we agree with them, but we suspect the day's wages were stopped, not by the Committee, but by one of the man's superiors, zealous for the economical administration of the Oldham tramway system. We do not agree, however, that the fine of 40s. and costs inflicted on the ruffian is appropriate to the offence. In attacking the conductor, the prisoner kicked a lady in so serious a way that she will probably not recover from the injury for months. He ought to have been sent to gaol for three months with hard labour. If he had been caught begging he would probably have got 21 days' at least.

REFORMATORY SCHOOL TRAINING.

HOW WRITING AND SPELLING ARE TAUGHT.

We have before us a letter from a boy just upon 16 years of age, who is about to leave the Dorset Industrial School at Blandford, where he has been for the past five years, and, although it is impracticable to reproduce the actual handwriting, we print the letter just as it was spelt :—

> Dear Father & Mother, Just a few lines to you hoping you are all right as I am my-self. I was glad when I received your kind and loveing letter. I am longing to come home with you when I am 10 year's of age. I can remenber what the magistare said to me. I have a pigion to fetch home If you have got a place to keep it. If not then I wont fetch it, right in your next letter and let me know. Dear dad I am my going to get my railway fair. I am sorry to let you know that is a real misery down here. I should like to know how Albert, Alice, Crisse, & Nelly are getting on.
>
> I must close now with love from your loveing son Sidney.
>
> Do Not forget as soon as possible I will expect another Letter Soon.
>
> I must Thank Uncle George for getting me a Job. Love to all.
>
> Dount to as you received my letter.

No doubt Mr. Masterman, upon enquiring into the educational system of the school in question, would be satisfied that everything is as it should be!

"FLOATING HELLS."

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MATTER.

In contrast to the conditions in the stewards' department, as indicated in our previous articles under this heading, we have received a communication from a correspondent who has worked as a steward on the West African Mail Lines, which shows that a brighter state of affairs exists than we have so far been led to believe.

He points out that it is an understood thing that passengers on the outward journey possess "all clothes and no money," and on the homeward journey "all money and no clothes." As a consequence the stewards' tips on the outward and homeward journeys differ very considerably, as will be seen from the following table, which we are assured, is a true statement of the gratuities usually received :—

> On the outward journey :—Bedroom steward, 15s.; table steward, 15s.; smoke-room steward, 10s.; deck steward, 5s.; bathroom steward, 5s.; boots, 2s. 6d.; or a total of £2 12s. 6d.
>
> On the homeward journey :—Bedroom steward, 20s.; table steward, 20s.; smoke-room steward, 15s.; deck steward, 5s.; bathroom steward, 5s.; boots, 2s. 6d.; or a total of £3 7s. 6d.

As the round voyage occupies, on an average, six weeks, and the steward garners his harvest of tips twice within that period, a simple calculation shows that in twelve months, making a liberal allowance for "shore time," it would be possible for a bedroom steward to make his £100 or more a year in addition to his pay. For, assuming the bedroom steward has ten cabins to attend to, he picks up during the outward and homeward voyages about £17 besides his wages, which we understand, are often microscopic, and even the ship's "boots" can make his £2 10s. or more in the same period.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.

"AN IRISH BULL."

One of our readers, in congratulating us upon our latest Strand Poster, says :—

> I must really tell you a little joke. If you like to send me a tin of biscuits, all things good are welcome to the needy journalist. I was staying in Cork in the summer, and going home on a tram one day, just as we were passing a hoarding with your Coronation Poster, a lot of cows which were being driven home after a fair dashed up on the pavement, and stood practically looking at the poster. Two old Irish women were talking, and one said: "Glory be to Hivan, the Free Education is grand entirely! Why even the cows are able to stop and read the posters now." "Yes, indeed," said the other, not taken aback, "and isn't it cute the craturs are reading about JOHN BULL too?" Don't you think it was smart?
>
> Answer is in the affirmative.

BEWARE OF FRIED FISH!

REVELATIONS OF A "FRIED FISH WAITER"—CONDY'S FLUID—"POMANGANATE" OF POTASH—"ASCETIC" ACID AND LIME POWDERS!

"Fried fish" plays a very important part in the food of the poorer classes, and, given honesty and cleanliness in its preparation, it is a most nutritious and pleasant "dish." But the trade lends itself to easy fraud, and, although we are far from suggesting that all, or even the majority of, fried fish shopkeepers are otherwise than perfectly respectable, we fear there is good ground to believe that the practices revealed below are of very widespread occurrence:—

I was employed as waiter, etc., since June, 1910, for about 7 months, and as I have had similar experience of all sorts in hotels, restaurants, etc., I was never so disgusted in all my existence in such business as I was in the fish line, which, when you have read, I think you will all agree, as I am about to open the eyes of the public, especially Londoners, as I think more fried fish is consumed therein than any other city in the world. Of late we have seen and read a lot in the papers about scientists and the fish food and the fishing grounds of the future (right enough). But if these scientists knew as much about the way fish is doctored with chemicals and the way the public are deceived they would eat less instead of taking notice of the adverts. the fish shops display which says, "Eat fish and more of it."

CHEMICALS AND DISINFECTANTS.

While employed as waiter I was so disgusted that I kept in my notebook only a few dates on which I saw and witnessed fish that was too bad for human consumption, doctored in *Condy's fluid*, strong vinegar composed of *ascetic acid* (rock salt water, strong), and other powders, which I was unable to obtain the names of, and which was carefully kept out of site, and I may also say this was practically done all the summer of 1910. I expect 1911 was the same. Other men may have worked in a similar game, but certain men only have the faking up of the fish; what you might call the boss's favourite, and it is generally done in the afternoon while the other men are at rest between 2 and 6 p.m., as they work as a rule till 12.30 a.m. Late hours. So this is done in ignorance of the other men, who may be employed at the same shop.

A GRUESOME DISCOVERY.

It was quite an accident I got to know of it myself. As by chance I was given the key of the shop by my mate to go to the shop later in the afternoon. However, I happened to pop in at the right time, which was a Saturday afternoon, about 3.30 or 4 p.m. I believe, and there was the governor's favourite man busy with a large tub full of this fluid, very strong, and I also perceived he had a fairly sized tin of these crystals just handy. He was engaged in well washing each piece of fish which, I declare, was absolutely putrid; which smelt so evil I nearly turned sick, but anxious to see consequences of the experiment I covered all guilt of sickliness. The man on seeing me coloured up and made all sorts of excuses on being questioned. He said, "I'll learn you a move, don't say anything." I replied by saying, "It was a downright shame for the people to be deceived so," especially the poor people as there are in this borough, who work hard for their daily bread and get little money. He said in reply, "It's a trick of the trade, get money, never mind how you get it." I remarked, "The boss would lose his business if the sanitary authorities knew about this." He said, "No fear of that. The inspector came yesterday. He don't come two days in succession." I said, "Good job he don't, or you would get about 6 months to go on with." Well, after a few more strong words, mingled with strong fish, he said, "Smell that," holding a piece up, "Sweet as a daisy." So that came and went. I took no more notice for the time being. It is usual for many people to remark on sitting down at table, "Fish fresh, waiter?" "Yessir, quite fresh. Fresh every morning I can assure you, Sir." Very often I got the remark, "This tastes limey, waiter." "Limey, Sir; I daresay it was a piece from the top of the barrel, and the heat of the day has caught it. Shall I change it, Sir?" "No, don't matter now, thank you," and out the gent walks in ignorance of the faking, and another 2½d. worth of fish and taters sold. I had been asked questions like the above several times, and I always answered as already stated. Mind you I was told to always say the fish was fresh if asked the question. At the same time I never dreamt of potash and ascetic acid being mixed with it until by accident I discovered for myself. I have seen fish sold on a Monday night that was fresh the Friday previous, and as before stated not fit for human consumption. Sold, bought, and eaten with enjoyment and luxury, not knowing, as I did, it was only fit for manure.

EMPLOYERS POISONED.

On the night I was talking about, which was Sat., July 2nd, 1910, a man was taken ill at the shop, and had to go home. When he got better he blamed it to some fish he had eaten Saturday. This took place at another shop belonging to the firm. At the shop where I was employed a man was taken bad there also. I am talking now of employees being seized, as they are allowed a certain amount themselves whilst in the shop. The man was seized directly after the shop had closed at 12 midnight, 30th July, 1910. He laid down on the floor in a spare room. He was in agony. He heaved and rolled and kicked. Eventually we eased him, and got him to go home; this leaving me and my mate to clean the shop as we always do after closing Saturday night, getting done about 2.30 or 3 a.m Sunday morn. I may say that the last mentioned man was the man who doctored the fish, and just for a sample had tried a bit too much. I have seen several people bring fish back, and say it was off. Of course it being changed willingly and the server looking so strange and remarking, "I am surprised, never had a complaint before. Very sorry, mam," and give a piece from another tray, saying, "I'm sure you will find that alright. Good night, mam." I have seen fish, well done it myself, just take a piece and hold it in a dark place, a coal hole for instance, and see it shine like a bright phosferos light. Well, fish like this is not fit to eat; it has turned bad. On one occasion I saw about ½ or ¾ of a cwt. of fish doctored in this fluid, and as soon as it was put in this dark red water it instantly turned it a dark brown muddy colour. This was to clean it, and take the evil smell from it. After being left in this for some time it was then put into another tubful of strong water composed of ascetic acid, which is also used for making vinegar. Well washed in this and let stand for a time, then taken out and put into a tubful of strong rock salt water. This being to give it back a sort of fishy taste. I was absolutely knocked back when I saw the poor people coming in and buying this faked up rubbish, but after a quantity had been sold, of course mixed with a little fresh fish, it was found that there were a few complaints. One case I remember a person bringing back 4 pieces she had sent her little girl for. They then gave way and the rest of the unfit fish was put in the dustbin and covered up with ashes. Of course the unfit fish is always kept separate, and occasionally mixed with the good, so as to afford no detection, and when you are served you get a piece from one tray and a piece from another. When I left I said to my mate no more fish shops for me. I thought no wonder fishmongers all look pale and bloodless. Here are a few dates on which fish was so rank it had to be doctored:—

Saturday, 6th Aug., 1910.—With fluid and rock salt.
Friday, 19th Aug., 1910.—With fluid and rock salt.
Monday, 22nd.—Fluid, acid and rock salt.
Thursday, 25th.—Acid, and had to be thrown away.
Monday, 4th July, 1910.—Fluid and brine.
Monday, 11th July, 1910.—Fluid and brine.
Thursday, 21st July.—Fluid and brine.
Friday, 29th July.—Fluid, brine and acid.

FOREIGNERS THE CHIEF CULPRITS.

Should this thing be allowed to go on, and these foreign scoundrels that cannot get a living in their own country or come over here to escape conscription, be allowed to deceive and part poison the country people from whom they make their living. You don't see foreigners buying fried fish. There is a handsome profit to be made without the faking business and selling bad stuff, but no, it is all grab. The vinegar you see Londoners so fond of in fish shops, they will swim their plates and paper with it, is only composed of 1 quart ascetic acid to a 12 gallon barrel of water and coloured with burnt sugar. The pepper that may be used as a luxury is also faked, being composed of in proportion to 10z. black pepper and 30zs. of flour, well mixed, in other words 1 part pepper and 3 parts flour. I have seen many times potatoes chopped up, and to soak in water which have been left from Saturday till Monday, quite sour and evil-smelling and pithy, yet are sold although not fit to eat. Skate sold in most fried fish shops and advertised as skate is not skate at all, it is either ray or roker, which is a similar fish only very large. When I left this game I was far wiser than when I started. I may say I left on my own accord, but disgusted. No wonder they say see it cooked and you wouldn't touch it.

THE ORIGINAL "ABODE OF LOVE."

INTERESTING EXTRACT FROM THE "BRISTOL GAZETTE" OF 1852.

"Some curious stories are current respecting this place. It is said that Mr. Prince, the founder, on a recent occasion, drove up to the 'Castle Inn,' at Taunton, in the carriage and four which belonged to the late Queen Adelaide, and which he has purchased for his own private use. A servant at the door of the inn warned off some idlers standing in the way with the words—'Take care, here's Mr. Prince coming.' He overheard the expression, and on alighting from the carriage said to the servant in a solemn tone—'*Mr. Prince once—Jesus Christ now.*' After uttering this blasphemy he entered the inn, consumed a cigar and a bottle of wine, and returned to the Abode of Love. Among other strange regulations observed in the institution is the election of 'Mrs. Prince' or the 'Bride.' Thus is a distinction which every week falls to the lot of *one* out of *fifteen* women, who, with their husbands, are members of the sect. A large stage is erected, on which are placed a number of seats according with the number of candidates for the espousal. This stage revolves round a chair, in which Mr. Prince seats himself. At a given signal the husbands of the women enter, and, each stationing himself at the back of his better half, begins to force the stage round. This is continued until it has attained a pretty good speed, when, at a sign from Mr. Prince, the husbands retire and the stage is left to itself; when it stops, the woman opposite to Mr. Prince becomes 'the Bride' *for a week*, at the end of which time the ceremony is repeated. On one occasion Mr. Prince happened to catch a 'Bride' as she was being kissed by her husband. As a punishment for this unfaithfulness, she was divorced from her heavenly consort and put to menial labour, and the husband was sentenced to wheel a barrow full of stones up and down the yard for three days."

"THE TYRE TRUST."

THE QUESTION OF DEALERS' DISCOUNTS.

The managing director of one of the largest suburban motor companies writes to controvert our contributor's statement that the ordinary dealer obtains discounts of 12½ per cent. and 5 per cent. for cash, with, at the end of the financial year, an additional 9 per cent. on the value of all his purchases. "No ordinary dealer," he says, "obtains the 9 per cent. rebate; further, owing to the conditions under which the local man trades—namely, extended credit, with all its booking expenses and collection—he cannot possibly afford to pay cash, and therefore loses that discount. The 9 per cent. rebate goes to the big garages, which must reach a minimum of £2,000 turnover before they rank for the larger discounts. The average local garages are very often unable to attain a £200 turnover on tyres, especially of one make. Therefore it must be abundantly clear that 12½ per cent. is the usual discount obtained. Mr. Jackson is quite correct in stating that manufacturers are moving to delete the small dealer from the system of distribution."

"PRUDES ON THE PROWL."

In response to our appeal for funds to enable Mrs. Elliott to take a rest and change of air, we have received many letters offering help to bring an action against the Vicar of St. Jude's, but, as the following list will show, little support for the object pleaded for:—

A. H., 20s. "Gambetta," 2s. 6d. "An English-Woman," 5s. M. G., 5s. J. B., 5s. E. B., 5s.; E.C., 1s.

"A. H." in contributing, writes and tells us that before doing so she personally investigated the case. Here is an extract from her letter:—

> The result of my interview with Mrs. Elliott is that she is a woman more wronged that I thought she was. Her face, her manner, and her personality, all proclaim her a good woman, a good wife, and a good mother.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE iii. OF COVER

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CLXIX.

IS HONESTY THE BEST POLICY?

We have satisfied ourselves that the appeal made below is on behalf of a most deserving case, and it will give us pleasure to remit any sums charitable readers may be good enough to send us on this poor man's behalf. Our correspondent says:—

I take the opportunity to write to you on behalf of one whose case will, I am sure, appeal to readers of your journal. I have known him since he came to this district two years ago, when he commenced work for a dairy company, as retailer of milk. Before commencing his duties he was required to sign an agreement form, to the effect that he should receive as wages 14s. per week and commission, also that he should not sell milk for himself or any other person within a period of three years, and a radius of three miles. Now, not being a man of strong physique, he being ruptured, and suffering the effects of this, he was only too glad to be able to obtain employment which he was able to perform. He tells me that he has never been paid 14s. yet, for a week's wages, only receiving 12s. and commission, and when he has asked the district manager for the remainder, according to agreement, he has been told to "go to —— for it, and if you don't want the job, there are plenty who do." He has also been cursed at for refusing to take out old milk and sell it for new, and has been threatened with rough usage for any interference. On one such occasion he went for the milk churns, after a rainy night, and on finding about a gallon of water in the churn, was about to empty it, when the same manager told him not to do so. When he said, "I'm certainly not going to sell milk which is half water," he was again threatened in a rough manner, and he had to have his milk poured on top of the water, and go out and hawk it as new milk. He stood all this persecution until he was unable to bear it any longer, and he gave notice.

Here was a man who had done his best for his company—although ill-treated, he had worked up a milk round from 30 gallons a week to over 90 gallons a week—who had always been respected, who had tried to be honest to the public, and to himself, and the result was that through injustice he was out of work, such only as he was able to do, and nothing but starvation confronted him. He was unable to get suitable work, and had to resort to any possible means of providing his wife and child with bread. He was thus unemployed from November 11th 1910, till April last, during which time he hardly had a dinner at all, and many was the day that he breakfasted on bread and dripping, and had no more till next morning. He then obtained employment with a horse and dray, and in the course of this work he again injured himself internally, and had to give way owing to illness. He was again on the brink of starvation; his furniture had all gone, and he was very much in need of food and medicine.

Recovering somewhat, he obtained a situation as conductor on the tramways, but had only worked two days when he had to cease because of his finger swelling to the size of his wrist, through what cause is unknown, and it was a fortnight before he was able to resume his duties. After working 3½ days longer he was again ill, and a neighbour on November 4th fetched the local doctor, who said the man was almost dying. For 12 days now he has looked the picture of death, and the doctor fears he will not go on the cars again; an outlook black enough for anyone to face. He is ill in bed, without food and fire, with a young wife and two children dependent upon him, has no relations, and all this owing to unjust treatment. He is a man of temperate habits, a good husband and father, a teetotaler, and yet he lies at death's door through misfortune.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:—

CLXV.—E. H., one dollar.

CLXVII.—W. B. T., 5s.; A. R., 1s.; "Perth," 2s. 6d.; "Dingwall," 1s. 6d.; T. and E. D., 1s.; S. S., 5s.; A. D., 5s.; V., 1s.; "St. Albans," 2s. 6d.; "V. V. V.," 2s. 6d.; M. M., 2s.; M. G., 2s. 6d.; "Jupiter," 2s.; "Joben," £1; J. E. B., 2s. 6d.; R. C., 1s. B. C., 1s. 6d.; "A Widow," 2s. 6d.; E. B., 5s.

CLXVIII.—"Joben," £1; J. B., 5s; R. C., 1s.

In our last issue, 5s. received from G. H. B. P. was in error credited to Human Document CLXVII. It was intended for Human Document CLXVI., to whom it has since been remitted.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS POOR FUND.

We have headed the list of subscriptions with £50, and have much pleasure in acknowledging the following additional donations.—

J. B., 15s.; "Bobbie," 5s.; M.G., £2 2s.

YANKEE LAND SPECULATORS AND ENGLISH PLOT-HOLDERS.

"BRITISH FREEHOLD INVESTMENTS."

YANKEE CUM CANADIAN.

Our attention has been directed to the proceedings of this concern, originally known as the British Freehold Investments Company, Limited. The company has a capital of £1,000 in shares of £1 each, of which 499 were taken by an American, one George Augustus Hensley, 499 by his partner, Robert Massen Smith, "a Canadian Barrister and Solicitor," and one by Mrs. Smith. So far as the Somerset House file enlightens us, these are the only shares—save one for the secretary—subscribed. Since then the two men have parted, the latter now doing business under the name of the Homes Freehold Company, and Hensley continuing his operations under the style and title of the British Freehold Investments. We may have something to say about the Homes Freehold Company on another occasion; our concern now is with the British Freehold Investments.

Its business is to buy small estates and to resell them in plots averaging 90 ft. by 20 ft. to persons who pay for them at the rate of 15s. a month. The average price of a plot is about £60, so that it will take over seven years for the plot-holder to complete his payments.

WHAT ABOUT TITLE?—

We have nothing to say against capitalists forming associations for the purpose of buying properties in block and selling them in small plots to those who may desire them, provided the properties are suitably situated, the price asked a reasonable one, and the vendors able to carry out their undertakings; but we are not at all satisfied that the conditions we have named, and more especially the last, are certain to be fulfilled by the British Freehold Investments.

When a land company of the ordinary kind begins operations it has a large capital behind it, and it is controlled by a board of men of character and responsibility. Now the British Freehold Investments has scarcely any capital, has no independent board, respectable or otherwise, and is controlled without check or supervision of any kind by George Augustus Hensley, an American without any sort of stake in this country, and whose record in San Francisco in connection with somewhat similar business leaves something to be desired.

AND COMPLETION OF AGREEMENT?

In these circumstances, as it seems to us, those who buy plots of land from the British Freehold Investments are running considerable risks. It must be borne in mind that in this country the small plot-holder is not protected as he is in other countries. For example, in America, before you can open up a property, or peg it out and sell it, the plans must be passed by the local authority, and if its approval is not obtained before commencing operations, the punishment is 1,000 dollars fine and a year's imprisonment. In Australia you cannot sell a property in plots unless you have your plans prepared, roads laid down, and sewers constructed. With us these requirements are not insisted upon, and, as a matter of fact, there is only a portion of one property—namely, that at Eastcote—where the British Freehold Investments are beginning to put in sewers, and even there the water is not laid on, or the roads made, or the plan of the estate approved by the local authority. On the other properties that have been dealt with by Mr. Hensley—those at Sudbury Heights, Parkside (Sudbury), Whitton Park (Hounslow), Northolt Junction, and Morden Heights—there are no roads, or sewers, or water, or authorisation of the local authority, and the risk incurred by those who have been foolish enough to put up houses on these properties, or to begin putting them up, will be understood.

THE DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN.

What guarantee is there that the local authority will approve of the plans, or that, the plans being approved, Mr. George Augustus Hensley will carry out his part of the contract? There is nothing to show that he is a man of means, or that he has the necessary capital behind him. Our information is that not a single one of the properties he has bought and is selling in 90 ft. by 20 ft. plots has been bought outright. What he has done is to agree to buy a property for a certain price and to pay for it on the instalment system. We have before us a correspondence between him and certain estate agents in which he made an offer for a particular property. The agents said the price offered was right enough, but they must have some money down—whereupon Mr. Hensley informed them that he would only buy on what he calls "the deferred payment plan." "We have decided," he wrote, "to buy upon the deferred plan only." As that plan did not suit the owners of the property in question, the negotiations fell through.

AN "INTERESTING BANKING PROPOSITION."

And not only has Mr. George Augustus Hensley not bought the properties outright, but he is trying at the present moment to raise a large loan from an insurance company. He tried before to negotiate a loan of the kind with another insurance company but failed. The income coming to him at the present moment from the plot-holders amounts to about £2,200 a month, and very soon, if a check is not put to these transactions, it may be double that sum. We have before us a letter addressed by the British Freehold Investments to the directors of a great insurance company, in which he sought to borrow upon such rights as he has. He described it as "an interesting banking proposition," and said "we would take an immediate loan of £6,000 at 5 per cent. and deposit with you the title deeds of the property and contracts for sale amounting to £33,960. . . . Within the period of the contract your maximum advance will only be £8,200, for which you would have an ample security of a developed estate costing about £17,000 and sold to about 350 clients for £33,960." The loan was to run until 1915, and it was said to be wanted to "pay off the balance of a mortgage and interest, and for making roads." This "interesting banking proposition" did not commend itself to the insurance company to whom it was addressed, but it is significant of the financial position of Mr. Hensley. We do not suggest that there was anything dishonest in the proposition itself. Anyone may make a proposition to another; it is for him, if it does not appeal to him, to reject it. But what we do say is that it points to financial weakness on the part of the British Freehold Investments which is not reassuring. This concern is raking in large sums of money from poor and ignorant people who cannot take the precautions which men of larger means and wider experience are able to take, and it seems to us that their position is extremely precarious. They are paying month by month for the land they have taken over from the British Freehold Investments, some of them are putting up houses—in one instance a man has spent something like £600 in putting up a house on his plot—and they have no sort of security either that the undertakings in the matter of roads, sewers, and water given by the British Freehold Investments will be fulfilled, or that when they have finished paying their instalments this concern will be in a position to hand them over the title deeds. We say, therefore, that anyone who may be thinking of taking up one of these plots would be very unwise if he proceeded further with the matter until he has satisfied himself as to the financial position of the British Freehold Investments, and is certain that it will be able to hand over the title deeds when the payment of instalments has been completed.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A GOOD CATCH.

[*The betrothal is announced of Mr. J. R. Mason, the well-known Kentish cricketer and one of the best batsmen.*]

Congratulations, Mr. Mason,
Bold batsman with a splendid past;
Your single innings now is ended,
For you, we learn, are caught at last.

BAD COMPANY.

[*Mr. Booth, M.P., made a remarkable protest in the House of Commons, by stating he felt insulted when called a company promoter.*]

Why at the company promoter rail?
For there are men much worse than he, by heaps:
Judge no man by the comp'ny he promotes—
But know him by the company he keeps.

RICARDO.

"MAKING THE CAP FIT."

With each copy of this week's issue is given away one of our interesting puzzles, "Making the Cap Fit." It should keep you amused for many an hour, although the solution is extremely simple. Mention the puzzle to your friends. They will like to try their skill in solving it.

THE "PRUDENTIAL" STILL "SHELLING-OUT."

FURTHER INSTANCES OF COMPOUNDING CHARGES OF FRAUD AND FORGERY.

Thanks to our revelations, holders of illegal policies in the Prudential Company are daily being refunded the premiums which have been improperly received. Indeed, the Company is now bent upon avoiding the publicity of the Courts by repaying the amounts as they are claimed. Below we give particulars of further cases in which they have disgorged :—

A MANCHESTER CASE.

Mrs. Gee, of Manchester, was induced in May, 1905, to take out a policy on the life of her brother-in-law, and she paid premiums at the rate of 4d. a week until she read our disclosures. The brother-in-law knew nothing about the insurance, but this did not prevent the Prudential issuing a policy which purported to have been taken out by him, and which did not benefit Mrs. Gee in the least. Mrs. Gee consulted us and we gave her certain advice, and we are pleased to say that, after correspondence with the Prudential, certain of its representatives have been to her and informed her that the Company will return the premiums without any further trouble. And this, we suppose, is another "Absolute Security" policy!

FRIGHTENED BY A POLICEMAN.

Here is another case. A police constable insured his father's life in the Prudential for £12. He went on paying until he had paid £18 19s.; when he happened to read one of our articles on the ways of the Prudential. Knowing that his father had not signed the proposal form and knew nothing about the insurance, the constable became uneasy and consulted us. We advised him to take steps to recover the money he had paid in premiums. Correspondence followed with the Prudential Assurance Company, who, as is their custom, sent down an agent to see him. The Company wanted the constable to get his father to sign his name in the presence of an agent. The constable refused and repeated his demand for the return of the premiums. After a good deal of shuffling, the Company offered him £12, and this was his reply dated November 1st :—

> I want to tell you that I won't take the £12 you offered me yesterday, and unless you settle with me at once I will go to a solicitor and he will know what to do.

On the following day the Superintendent wrote :—

> With reference to my interview with you, will you call here on Saturday at 11 a.m? Kindly bring your policy and receipt book with a view to the settlement of the claim, and oblige.

And on Saturday, at 11 a.m., the whole of the moneys paid in were refunded!

TWO MORE CASES

With reference to the two cases we are about to mention, we are not at liberty at the moment to give the names of the policy-holders, but we should, of course, be prepared to do so should the need arise. In the meantime, we shall indicate them alphabetically.

Mr. "A." wrote to us to say that his case was precisely similar to that of Mr. "E.," which was one of fraud and forgery, dealt with in JOHN BULL of October 21. Mr. "A." requested us to give him the name of the solicitor who acted for Mr. "E.," it being his intention to take proceedings if he failed to induce the Prudential to disgorge without resorting to law. We are now glad to learn from Mr. "A." that the Prudential, knowing that the alternative was an appeal to the Courts, has complied with Mr. "A.'s" demand.

The fourth case to which we direct attention this week is that of Mr. and Mrs. "B.," residents of Salisbury, who were in 1894 induced by the Prudential Assurance Company to pay it 6d. a week on two policies which pretended to be policies taken out by Mrs. "B.'s" mother and father on their own lives. These policies stated that Mrs. "B.'s" parents wished to insure their lives and had agreed to pay a weekly premium of 6d. According to the policies, they lived at a certain address in Salisbury. As a matter of fact, they had never been within two miles of that city; they had signed no proposal forms, and knew nothing about the matter. What had really happened was that Mrs. "B." had stipulated for policies on her father's and mother's lives for her own benefit, and this was how the Prudential carried their bargain out. For over seven years the Prudential had taken 1s. per week from this hard-working couple. For what? For an "absolute security"? No. For two pieces of wastepaper. That is what Mr. and Mrs. "B." alleged in an action which they brought against the Prudential when they became aware from our revelations of the fraud practised upon them, and after taking our advice. In that action the Prudential was again charged with fraud and forgery. An application was made to administer certain questions upon oath, but it never became necessary to proceed with it, for the Prudential settled the action by returning to Mr. and Mrs. "B." the sum of £45 10s., being the entire amount of premiums paid by them, in addition to their costs of the action.

Even if these policies had been good ones, the sum assured by each was only £10 10s., or £21 in all, and to get that sum Mr. and Mrs. "B." had paid £45 10s.

AN APPEAL.

We earnestly exhort all our readers, in making arrangements for insurance under the National Insurance Bill, to fight shy of a company capable of acting in this way. Even if they are policy-holders in the Prudential under existing conditions, let them resist all blandishments of the Company and its agents, and determine that the Prudential shall, at least, have no more of their money.

And once more we ask what are the Government about? With the example of the Birkbeck before them, where the law has just held that the depositors are to suffer because the Society carried on its business in an illegal manner, is it not high time that a Royal Commission was appointed to enquire into the scandals of Industrial Insurance Companies taking money on illegal policies?

FURTHER QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On Tuesday of last week Mr. Bottomley asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether he would accept an Amendment to the National Insurance Bill making it one of the conditions of becoming an "Approved Society" that such Society should not be in any way connected with any existing assurance company which has been convicted of irregularities and frauds in connection with its general business.

Mr. McKinnon Wood replied: My right hon. friend does not think it necessary to take the action suggested by the hon. Member.

This answer was received with various tokens of dissent from different parts of the House. Evidently Mr. Lloyd George is not particular what happens to his Bill, so long as he gets it through.

OUR OPEN-AIR CAMPAIGN.

We are contemplating convening a monster demonstration to protest against the Prudential Company being admitted as an "Approved Society" under the Insurance Bill. Meanwhile, Mr. Mashford, who, under the auspices of the John Bull League, has been conducting such an energetic campaign, will be at Grimsby on Friday and Saturday of this week.

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN ALDERSHOT.

ORGIES OF THE PAST—MORALS OF THE PRESENT—STREET SCENES—A DUAL GOVERNMENT—MILITARY DOMINATION.

When our soldiers, on their return from the Crimean War, were "turned down" on the wilds of Hampshire which comprise the greater part of the Tichborne estate, there was little sign of habitation or of human beings. But both speedily appeared. Human birds of prey descended from all parts of the heavens, built themselves nests, and settled down comfortably to suck what life-blood there was left in the veins of men who had been ravaged and undermined by one of the most terrible campaigns on record. They soon fattened and flourished. You cannot go through any of the streets without rubbing shoulders with such vampires. Public-houses exist side by side, though of late years a few have been closed by the action of the police, because of flagrant immoralities and bestial drunken scenes that happened, by accident, to come into the light of day. There was one scandalous affair, not so very long ago, in which a young and pretty girl was taken from the house, after being made intoxicated, assaulted, stripped, and left stark-naked in the road. That was the end of that "hostelry." A little later came a sensation, the very mention of the scene of which makes an old soldier smirk and smile. The orgies there cannot be described. The day of that den came when the police made a raid, and a score or more of soldiers and dissolute women were carted to the lock-up.

Aldershot has thus had a bad bringing up, and, just as with individuals, finds it difficult to shake off the influences of the past. In the present year of grace the town is one of nearly 20,000 civilian inhabitants, and much has been done by the District Council to bring it into line with modern civilisation. But its soul cannot rise. There is no such thing as a public library or literary institution, baths are an undreamt-of luxury, and as for a Town Hall, the only place for public gatherings is a corrugated-roofed erection called the "Tin" Hall. There is an "Iron" Church and a "Red" Church—poetic names that the soul of the native loves. His finer feelings have been stunted. He accepts his position with the passivity of an Arab, and simply murmurs "Kismet." He looks upon lapses from "the path of virtue" only as something which may happen to us all. In Union Street, the parade of the town—especially on Saturday nights—one may witness goings-on that would raise an outcry if they happened in much-abused Piccadilly—girls scarcely out of their teens carrying on ribald conversations with soldiers; wives, civilian and military alike, indulging in open flirtations, and youths and grown-up men loudly glorying in their amatory conquests. The local inhabitant will, of course, deny this; but will he swear that he has no qualms about his wife or his daughter taking a walk abroad alone after dusk? A gentleman whom I spoke to on my last visit concerning this state of things said: "It is too bad; I cannot get a servant. Directly the parents hear the place is at Aldershot, it is all over."

The civil police are smart and do their best; they have a system of espionage which is only equalled in Russia. Two long court days (and very often two courts a day) every week testify to their efforts. Miss Daniels, the Church of England, the Wesleyans, the Primitive Methodists, and the Salvation Army run "Homes" and missions enough to convert a continent, and boast of successes at every annual meeting. Who is at fault, then? As far as I can gather, the better class of residents hold aloof from the government of the town. They leave the District Council and other bodies to a few tradesmen, the majority of whom have been brought up amid these surroundings, and take them as a matter of course. And in the case of Aldershot the local rulers, more than those of any other town I know, need to be diplomats, statesmen, and specially gifted, for, in addition to the 20,000 civilians, some 12,000 or 15,000 young and lusty soldiers have to be thought of. The latter are, of course, controlled by the War Office, which means a kind of dual government, and it need hardly be said that the two do not always agree. The Whitehall wiseacres generally get their way, because, you see, the tradesmen depend to so large an extent upon the military for their living.

It is such a pity. Aldershot has many natural advantages. The air blowing from across the Long Valley and Laffan's Plain, or from the Hog's Back and Guildford, is particularly bracing; the soil is sandy and dry, and the Wellington Avenue on a fine Sunday morning, with troops being played to church by their bands, is one of the sights of the world.

"MRS. BULL." Every Tuesday. Price 1d.

IS THE BUSINESS GOVERNMENT COMING?

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A LONDON DAILY.

We make no apology for quoting the following from an article, which appeared in the *Evening Standard* of November 13th:—

The rapid ascent of Mr. Bonar Law to the very front rank of Party politics is in itself significant and interesting. Mr. Law is an example of the business man who becomes one of the select group that directs the affairs of a Party. Seeing that we are a nation of men of business, more or less, that industry, commerce and finance engage the largest proportion of our best brains and most forcible characters, one might suppose that such examples would be numerous. They ought at least to be more frequent in England than in other countries. But as a matter of fact, they are extremely rare. Not more than three or four instances can be given during the past hundred years of manufacturers, traders or bankers who rose to the highest, or very nearly the highest, position in any of our Cabinets. We have not yet had a business Prime Minister, unless we take Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whose connection with active commercial industry was during most of his life nominal. Sir Robert Peel was essentially a business Premier; but though he sprang from the manufacturing circle, and had derived his considerable fortune from the profits of trade, he was himself from his youth a member of the leisured, propertied class, from which we have drawn most of our Prime Ministers and Party leaders. To this stratum of our society belonged Gladstone, Palmerston, Lord Rosebery, Lord Salisbury, and to it of course belongs Lord Salisbury's nephew, who has just divested himself of the mantle of state. When we have gone outside the circles of the peerage and London society, we have usually fallen back on the lawyers. The last Unionist Government was largely made up of the former element. Its successors have been dominated by legal politicians—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Haldane, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Birrell, are lawyers; and if there is a certain counterpoise to them in Lord Morley, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Harcourt, Lord Crewe and Mr. John Burns, it may be pointed out that these able personages, whatever else they may represent, do not represent the higher walks of commercial life.

When they do, they have been extraordinarily valuable and generally successful. In Lord Goschen we had a Chancellor of the Exchequer who knew all about finance before he went to the Treasury instead of learning it when he got there. There was never a better or sounder Finance Minister. . . . . Mr. Chamberlain, as one of his biographers has observed, brought to the business of the State the qualities and habits he had acquired in his business as a Birmingham manufacturer. The other—and in some respects the more striking—example is that of Mr. W. H. Smith. Under him, for the first, and so far the only, time, the House of Commons was led by a great tradesman. And it was never better led. None of his brilliant predecessors or successors controlled and directed the work of the legislature more skilfully, easily, and judiciously than the statesman who had received his early training at the counters and desks of the Strand repository.

It is a precedent which is worth following. The kind of man like Mr. W. H. Smith, like Mr. Bonar Law, is very badly needed in our politics at present. The State is becoming more and more a huge business enterprise; it is constantly undertaking projects which might appal and baffle the administrators of an English railway or an American trust. Yet we leave the inception, the management of these enormous enterprises, to men who have never had the smallest practical experience of affairs on the large scale—to clever advocates from the law courts, voluble platform orators, accomplished men about town who have, fortunately for themselves, never had to undergo the drudgery of drawing up a balance-sheet and looking into the details of a vast expenditure. It is time that the business element was introduced more closely into the control of our political affairs; and the satisfaction evinced on all sides in the advancement of Mr. Bonar Law testifies to the depth of this sentiment. It is felt that he is the kind of man we want.

It begins to look as though even the Party Press realises that the Game is up.

"THE 'UNFIT' AND PARENTAGE."

HOW TO OBTAIN THE STANDARD MAN.

BY EUGEN SANDOW.

In view of the widespread interest and controversy (evidenced by the many hundreds of letters received at this office) aroused in the momentous problem presented in our last week's issue by Dr. Bailie Francis, as to whether the unfit should be sterilised in the hope of strengthening the British race—we have appealed to Mr. Sandow for his views upon the subject.

I was very pleased indeed to read in last week's issue of JOHN BULL Dr. Bailie Francis' able article upon this, literally, vital subject. Although I would like to say at the outset that I cannot agree with the drastic recommendation he proposes, for the reasons set out below, yet he propounds a problem which has engrossed my thoughts for many years and the solution of which I have made my life's work. Dr. Francis paints a vivid—but not by any means exaggerated—picture of the lamentable physical condition of many thousands of men and women to-day. The first question I put to myself, in endeavouring to find a remedy for this deplorable state of things, is—what is the root cause of the evil?

THE COMMERCIAL MOLOCH.

There has, especially during the last twenty years, been a "speeding up"; with the development of modern business methods the old ordered ways have had to yield place, and keen competition has grown up of which our forefathers knew nothing. Even in the sedate House of Commons recent events have shown how great has been this changing tendency and the retirement of Mr. Balfour brought forth from him what could only be described as a remarkable pronouncement on the stress of modern political life. This tendency pervades every industry—in fact, every walk in life.

At many schools our children are taught—"crammed" would be a more appropriate word—from morn till eve—not such things as serve to enlarge the mind in a normal, healthy manner, but a mass of facts and figures which, it is hoped, may enable them to obtain some monetary advantags over their competitors in the race for life. In fact, they are given a "dope" which—as is usual with such drugs—will, after temporarily serving its purpose, stupefy them. During the whole of this crucial period their physical development has not been properly studied, their poor anæmic bodies and "clothes-prop" limbs bearing eloquent testimony to the fact that the blood which has been derived from their food has been diverted in too large a measure to feeding their brains. Such a process cannot go on indefinitely, and there comes the breakdown which diminished nerve power inevitably entails—another product of civilisation joins the great army of the unfit!

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Now I do not think that anyone will dispute my right to speak authoritatively on this subject, for it is well known that the whole of my career has been devoted to the physical betterment of thousands—hundreds of thousands—of both men and women drawn from all classes of the community. My experience in this direction has been absolutely unique, and it is well known that my methods of scientific body and health culture have met with extraordinary success. As a lad I myself was a weakling, but ambition to become fit and strong was fired in me by the glowing tales of classic heroes and study of Grecian statues. Although agreeing with Dr. Bailie Francis as to the vital necessity of finding solution to the problem of the propagation of the unfit, I cannot, having in mind my own case, follow him in his declaration that the unfit should be sterilized. This remedy is so drastic that I do not imagine there is any possibility of its being carried out. It would involve such dire consequences and arouse so much repulsion that I think it may be dismissed as an impracticable measure. No better evidence of the futility and needlessness of such a staggering practice can be cited than my own case. If to-day I were the weakling lad I once was, under this proposal of sterilization I should be classed as one of the physical degenerates, and not only myself but thousands of other young men and lads who could, equally with myself, be converted into strong, healthy and vigorous types of manhood. Fully realising that if I would be successful in life's affairs I must possess a perfectly healthy body, I set myself the task of improving and perfecting my physical condition and, after careful study and experiment, gradually evolved a scientific system of bodily health culture which, in its turn, ensured the development of a higher standard of mental culture.

From my wide experience I can unhesitatingly state that quite 50 per cent. of our population would be counted among the unfit to-day. In tens of thousands of cases the persons who would fall within Dr. Bailie Francis' definition of "degenerates" are leaders in art, literature, and the world of commerce, whilst a very large proportion indeed of the aristocracy would be included among the condemned. It would greatly astonish my readers to know the names of the very eminent men who have approached me in regard to their health. I may mention that at the outbreak of hostilities with the Boers I had passing through my hands many military men who were "unfit," but whom I was speedily able to bring up to the high military standard demanded.

THE LUNACY ARGUMENT.

Imagine the state of mind of a man who, broken down in mind and body, is informed that he is to be numbered among the new order of social pariahs—"leper outcasts"—doomed to a living death—with nature's great object in creating him frustated forcibly. And yet Dr. Bailie Francis speaks of sterilization *depleting* our lunatic asylums! And what would happen to England in the next, to say nothing of a third, generation? Half our citizens treated as "unfit," the country would lie at the feet of the first invader, whilst its economical condition I will not trust my pen to describe.

It is, of course, impossible on calm consideration to make such a sacrifice. The same object can be attained, and individually is being attained to-day, by methods equally effectual yet not repulsive or inconvenient. It is one of the gravest sins, against ourselves and against generations yet unborn, to neglect the body—as we are commanded, "Be fruitful and multiply." My plan would outrage no religious susceptibilities—indeed, it would ensure that the Divine precept is carried out in the way most beneficial to the race.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE FUTURE.

But the solution of this great national problem lies, after all, with the mothers of to-day. No system of haphazard tampering with the evil as it exists will eradicate it. What must be done to ensure the abolition of this great danger to the race is to interest and convince the mothers—for the old adage, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is, indeed, truer now than ever. The sanest and safest remedy for the evil to which Dr. Bailie Francis has called attention is to take steps to ensure than the younger generation and the generations still unborn shall be upraised on scientific principles of health culture, assisted by a wise discrimination in the choice of sustaining and nerve and brain-forming foods. JOHN BULL has without doubt done a great service to the British nation in calling attention to social evils, and if it can, by means of its vast influence, rouse the British mothers to a true sense of their responsibilities in regard to the upbringing of their children, it will, in my opinion, have accomplished the finest and greatest work ever undertaken. This great problem, if resolutely handled, can be solved for ever, and surely nothing can be more glorious of achievement than to bring home to the British mothers the duty they owe to their children. The boy makes the man, and it is his mother's sacred trust to ensure that, until he reaches years of discretion and is able to wisely decide for himself, his physical and mental qualities shall be developed to the fullest extent, so that he may be enabled to become a "standard man," possessed of clear brain and vigorous constitution, fitting him to meet and conquer the world.

QUESTION TIME.

By "Lancing."

The porter appeared dissatisfied with the tip he received. He spat half-heartedly on the coin as it was transferred to its new home in the well-warmed corduroy pocket. The opulent dressing-case was placed on the rack, numerous illustrated papers and magazines were tossed on the seat, the door slammed, and the train glided out of the grimy Midland station. A glance showed me that to all appearances my sole companion in the first-class compartment was well endowed with this world's goods. His well-cut, easy-fitting tweeds gave impression of Savile Row. His cap suggested a certain Piccadilly shop. Bond Street alone could have been responsible for such boots. The tightly-pressed lips denoted determination, the eyes, gleaming hardly, gave little hint of kindliness. The grey streaked hair seemed to point more to difficulties overcome than to age. The hands, as they deftly selected a cigar from a gold case, proclaimed the self-made man. If riches were present, birth was as evidently absent.

These rather coarse hands went tapping pocket after pocket in search of a match-box.

The voice that asked me for a match was firm and confident, if self-educated.

We fell into one of those conversations, typical between newly-made train acquaintances.

The train lurched and swayed over a high embankment. Below us, on the right, lay row after row of sordid little houses.

On the left lay row after row of sordid little houses. The whole neighbourhood was covered with rows after rows of sordid little houses.

Back yards stretched out some few feet towards the railway. Mothers at back doors, pins in mouth, hung up a few lines of grimy clothes, which immediately became even grimier as countless smuts from near-by chimneys settled on them. Children quarrelled over the intricacies of hop-scotch. Men, in tattered clothes, leaned against the palings which divided the backyards, spitting pessimistically on the already filthy bricks. And this at high noon!

Work and cleanliness appeared to have shared an equal aversion to such surroundings, and, resenting them, had flown. My mind ceased to follow the monotonous argument my fellow-traveller was holding out in favour of Free Trade. His voice droned on. I caught fragments here and there. "If you are going to tax food." "Balfour himself stated——" "Labour Exchanges."

Yet more sordid rows of sordid hovels flashed by beneath us. "Besides," the voice continued, "it's their own fault. Everyone can find a job who wants to work." My attention swung back at this point. It appeared that only the night before a woman had had the supreme insolence to ask for a crust of bread at his very door, near which he happened to be standing. That being a just man, a firm man, and a charitable man, he had not yielded to impulse and sent for the police. Instead, he had stood over the woman while she laboured at some menial tasks, in which the scrubbing of his cellar steps and the breaking of lumps of coal formed the *pièce de résistance*. Her ingeniously-worded appeals for something to eat in advance, with which to stay the gnawing fiend of hunger, so that the better might she tackle the appointed task, had met with no success. At great personal inconvenience to himself, my travelling companion had stood over her, a self-appointed task-master, while he had smoked the best part of a couple of cigars.

The jolly fellow had even found some subtle humour in the situation, all his own, when he had reflected that the job, done by anyone less miserably placed, would have cost some few pence, while thanks to this good woman's poverty, he had been able to commandeer her at his own terms—a crust of bread. Added to this, he had, as it were, thrown in that warm, comfortable feeling which only a charitable action charitably performed can give.

The livery of the groom who opened the carriage door was as faultless as the manner with which he possessed himself of the papers and magazines, while he carefully consigned the heavier articles to a porter. A somewhat pompous descent on to the platform, the slamming of doors, and my just and charitably disposed companion took his place among my memories.

That he was only a type of thousands I realised. It is a fixed belief among countless numbers that those who want to work can work. It is equally a fixed practice with these sort of people never to give work except at sweating prices, and to benefit in the work done and in the price paid, in proportion to the poverty of the one to be charitably assisted! Their argument is, that the poorer the man, the more does he need the money to be earned, the smaller the wage to be offered. Only bitter personal experience, only the hardest work of all hard, thankless tasks—looking for work—could change the views of such as these.

The ticket-inspector, refusing my explanation that the third-class compartments were all full, and I, finding that I could not accept his suggestion of paying the difference, diverted my attention.

Later, the inspector having advanced an alternative proposition, I found that the thirds had somewhat emptied. Indeed, one side of a carriage was entirely at my disposal.

Opposite me sat three men. The expression on the faces of two of them is to be seen at the street corners of any large town. The water of Despair is the only water that ever touched such faces as those. Deep in each pair of eyes lay that which tells of helpless, hopeless, dull suffering. The continual animal craving for food, never fully satisfied; the nights spent out in the biting cold; the ever-deepening distrust of all mankind and of the police in particular—all had left their mark. Needless to study the poor rags that covered them. Their eyes told their own tale of long years passed since Hope itself withdrew from them. Of years before them of futile beating against an unseeing fate. And—of the things absent from those eyes?

Love and Hope are missing, and most things human. For, though some suffering may raise and ennoble, the suffering of a long and hopeless fight against Poverty such as this can only degrade. The hands of these men were pallid and unmarked by the dignity of labour. Steel clasped them, and, as the train stopped, the policeman, in whose charge they were, gave them a brusque order.

"One moment, Sergeant," I pleaded. "Tell me," I said to one of them, "when you come out, why don't you work?"

Ignoring me, he turned to his companion.

"Gawd's trewth, mate," he cried, "d'you 'ear 'im? Oo's goin' ter give the likes of us a job?"

As the officer hurried them out of the station that question remained with me, a question that England will have one day to answer.

Is there work for such as these?

SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

A CHILDLIKE QUESTION AND A BLAND ANSWER.

Replying to a letter enquiring whether, if a special constable went on strike, he could be ordered by the Police Commissioner to resume his duties, and, should he refuse to do so in the circumstances, what would be his position, Mr. Churchill said:—

> Appointment as special constable does not bind a man to carry out any instructions except such as are necessary for preserving order. A striker acting as a special constable could not be called upon in that capacity to resume his work.

Wonderful! We should like the name of the person who asked this "intelligent" question.

In the meantime, we would assure all those who contemplate going as special constables that their duty is "to preserve order." Sometimes a display of force is all that is necessary. But on occasions, well—special constables carry batons, and we have an idea that they are meant for cracking people's skulls.

"THE JUDGE, THE WOMAN, AND THE CHILD."

Will Mrs. Kenealy, who was recently ordered by the Court to hand back her child to the Paddington Guardians, forward her address to the Editor of *Mrs. Bull*, 93, Long Acre, in order that certain sums susbscribed for her benefit may be handed to her?

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

SEE PAGE iii. OF COVER.

A Challenge

to the Cambridge University Press!

A Referendum to "John Bull" Readers.

Which is really the best Encyclopaedia?

On the 28th November, 1910, we sent a letter to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press issuing a definite challenge to them. This letter read as follows:—

Club House, Surrey Street, W.C.,

Messrs. The Cambridge University Press,

GENTLEMEN,—

We note that you are now issuing the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and that you are making vague claims as to its being the best Encyclopædia in the language.

Being a Public Body, we presume that you are concerned with supplying the best things to the public without consideration as to the amount of profit to yourselves.

Therefore, as the Publishers of the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia," we submit that for 90 per cent. of the probable buyers of an Encyclopædia "Chambers's Encyclopædia" is, from an all-round point of view, incomparably the best.

And we challenge you to submit the two—"The Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia"—for judgment as to their value to an independent Committee formed of men such as Sir Rufus Isaacs, Sir Frederick Treves, the Bishop of London, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, the President of the Incorporated Law Society, and the President of the Society of Chartered Accountants, or any other names that you may suggest. If this representative Committee does not decide that, judged by

(*a*) the relative prices of the works.

(*b*) the weight of authority attaching to their respective contributors, and

(*c*) the relative quality, usefulness, and conciseness of the articles,

the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia" is the best Encyclopædia for 90 men out of 100, we will pay the sum of £200 to the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

Thanking you for an early reply,

We are, Yours faithfully,

For the Caxton Publishing Co., Ltd.,

(Signed) J. S. MALCOLM, Director.

To this letter we have had nothing but a bare acknowledgment of its receipt. Our challenge is completely ignored. Why is it? Can it be because they fear the result? Because they themselves know that for ninety men out of one hundred the Illustrated Chambers's is the best encyclopædia on the market, although it only costs one-fourth the price of the Encyclopædia Britannica?

Who will be on the Jury?

As the Cambridge University Press will not accept our challenge, we wish to make another attempt to get the question settled. We want readers of JOHN BULL to form a jury themselves. We want you to help decide this question, to sit on the Committee yourself and to say which encyclopædia is really the best worth buying. After all, JOHN BULL readers in their thousands will form a more reliable jury than a few selected specialists.

So will every reader of JOHN BULL who is willing to judge on this question please send us his name and address on this form, or on a postcard, so that we may send him particulars and an interesting book telling all about the Illustrated Chambers's? It will be sent you without any expense or obligation, and please do not send any money for postage.

What Great Men Think.

We have already received—in fact, are receiving every day—letters from well-known men which will help you in deciding this point. For instance, would you not place reliance in a committee composed of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, Viscount Haldane, and Lord Curzon? Listen then to their verdict on Chambers's:—

The Right Hon. H. H. ASQUITH, writes:—
"It is a work of the utmost value."

A. BONAR LAW, Esq., M.P., writes:—
"I have long had in my library the previous edition of Chambers's Encyclopædia, which I have found invaluable. I am sure I shall find the new edition no less interesting and useful."

Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON writes:—
"I have always regarded Chambers's Encyclopædia as the most concise, scholarly and useful compendium of universal knowledge anywhere to be found within a similar compass."

Lord HALDANE writes:—
"I have known Chambers's Encyclopædia for many years, and have found it a very valuable book of reference. I shall rely on this new edition as a very comprehensive collection of knowledge, brought together in a most convenient form for reference, and hope to use it almost daily."

Let the Children Use It.

So far we have said nothing of how much an encyclopædia like Chambers's can help you. Perhaps we do not need to; perhaps you realise yourself that you cannot, in the words of Lord Morley, "take up a single copy of a newspaper and not come upon something in it upon which you would consult an encyclopædia of reference." Do you realise that? Do you realise also, if you have children, that they will grow up better informed and better educated if they have the Illustrated Chambers's to go to for information?

We want to urge you to take advantage of this offer of the Free Book if there is any possibility of your requiring an encyclopædia. For we do not want you to buy another and then have to regret not having first seen the Illustrated Chambers's.

A FREE BOOK.

This coupon will bring you post free a handsomely illustrated book telling all about the latest edition of the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia," including particulars of the exceptional terms whereby it is delivered, carriage paid, on the first payment of 2/6, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Kindly send me free of any charge or obligation your book on the "Illustrated Chambers's Encyclopædia."

NAME .....

(Send this form a postcard.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

BILLS THAT OUGHT TO BE PASSED.

THE GARDENING [AMATEUR] BILL.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS the cultivation of the soil is one of the highest duties of man and one of his sublimest pleasures; and

WHEREAS there is a growing tendency on the part of certain horticultural cranks and faddists to bring the science and the art of gardening into disrepute by reason of ceaseless and ill-timed discussion of matters relating thereunto, as well as by ridiculous, suspicious, and offensive conduct in the same connection; and

WHEREAS it is in the interest of the general community to suppress whatsoever tends to create a feeling of impatience, irritation, and disgust in the minds of persons ordinarily well-disposed towards the practice of the art of cultivation.

THE BILL.

BE it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

1.—From and after the first day of January, 1912, any person travelling in any train, 'bus, tram, or other public conveyance, who shall discuss in an audible tone of voice the growing or cultivation of sweet peas, or any other flower, fruit, or vegetable, to the manifest annoyance of any fellow passenger or passengers, and shall refuse to desist when requested to do so, shall be deemed guilty of insulting behaviour, and when summoned before a magistrate and convicted, may be sentenced to a fine not exceeding forty shillings.

2.—Any person who, between the hours of 12 o'clock on the Saturday night and midday on the Sunday next following shall noisily push a lawn-mower over and about any lawn or grass plot situate within two hundred yards of any inhabited house or dwelling place shall be deemed guilty of breaking the peace, and shall be liable, upon conviction, to six months' imprisonment without the option of a fine.

3.—Any person using a garden hose who shall, whether by accident or of intent, cast any spray upon any of His Majesty's faithful lieges (always excepting the undernoted persons, the drenching of whom shall not be counted as an offence) shall be held guilty of insulting behaviour, and, upon conviction, may be sentenced to a fine not exceeding five pounds.

Exceptions:—

(*a*) The offender's mother-in-law;
(*b*) Any bailiff or other person proposing to serve a writ;
(*c*) Any sewing machine, mangle, insurance, or cheap jewellery canvasser.
(*d*) Any rate or tax collector;
(*e*) Any dun;
(*f*) Any Italian organ-grinder—and his or her monkey.
(*g*) Any German band, or part of such band.

4.—Any person creeping about his or her garden after dark with a lighted candle, lamp, lantern, or other illuminant, in search of slugs, snails, or other noxious creatures, and treading on the same, to the manifest uneasiness and alarm of the said person's or persons' neighbour or neighbours, shall be deemed guilty of a criminal offence, and upon being charged before a magistrate and convicted, may be sentenced to a term of not more than two years' hard labour.

COUPON.—Christmas Present Distribution.

I have assisted to bring the circulation of JOHN BULL up to *One Million Copies* in the following manner:—

Here describe what you have done, as shortly as possible.

Name

Address

25/11/11.

CHARACTER DELINEATIONS.

BY OUR TAME PHRENOLOGIST.

MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN.

Good morning, sir . . . I observe from your bucolic attire that you are engaged in the agricultural industry . . . Gentlemen of your occupation do not as a rule manifest interest in their mental equipment.

Not really an agriculturist? . . . You don't say so! . . . Then why masquerade, may I ask, in rustic habit? . . . What? . . . Mr. Walter Runciman, the new President of the Board of Agriculture? . . . You don't say so! . . . Well, well . . . Your head should prove entertaining.

Judging from the varied character of your public career, your head should disclose a very versatile intellect. I am consequently the more surprised to find it is a very commonplace head indeed. *Self-esteem*, as is usual in the case of successful party politicians, is extremely prominent. It is this faculty that has enabled you, without any special qualifications, to take charge of so many different Government Departments in the course of the last few years.

Nothing but an excess of *Self-esteem* can account for your undertaking, with but a conventional education followed by some practical experience of the shipping industry to recommend you, the responsibilities of Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, President of the Board of Education, and, lastly, the most ludicrous promotion of all, President of the Board of Agriculture.

Certainly, you possess the bump of *Philoprogenitiveness*; but that propensity, although customarily well developed among the farming class, is not restricted to those who plough the fields and scatter, so to speak.

Alimentiveness, or the love of good food and plenty of it—another characteristic of the husbandman, judging from what I have observed at market dinners—is also present. But even after taking this admirable talent into our calculation, you yet seem to me to lack the necessary qualifications for your latest post.

However, I have no desire to do you any injustice, sir. . . I always make a point of giving the devil, and anybody else, his due; and I must admit that you possess the faculty of *Weight* to a useful degree. This talent is another characteristic of the agricultural classes. To dig a bullock in the ribs and estimate its avoirdupois to a pound or so is one of the sweetest pleasures of a farmer's life. You possess the necessary ability to do likewise. But the question as to whether this qualifies you for the Presidentship of the Board of Agriculture I must leave you to settle with your own conscience.

Like the typical farmer, you have a big bump of *Hope*—but whereas the farmer plants the seed in the ground and hopes it will come up, you hope for the fruits of office without having gone through the initial and arduous labour of planting the necessary seed.

You don't follow me? . . . The metaphor *may* be a little obscure. What I mean is that, just as you have been made President of the Board of Agriculture without having been required to study the elementary principles of the great industry whose interests you are expected to watch over, so do you look forward, I doubt not, to being promoted in due course from a £2,000 a year job to a £5,000 a year job—say the Admiralty, when Churchill is tired of it, or the War Office when Haldane is made Lord Chancellor—without going through any preliminary study of the immense affairs and tremendous responsibilities managed and borne by those great Departments.

Chairman.

To smoke it is a comfortable and pleasant habit, and one that has charms that compensate.

It lessens care when times are hard: shortens the hours when they are dull: and gives comfort when they are cold.

It brings the tranquil enjoyment of a mind content and the comfort of satisfied ease.

'Tis CHAIRMAN, and no other is like it in its smoking excellence, and in those qualities that count.

Boardman's is the same tobacco, milder, and
Recorder the same, but fuller flavoured.

6d. per oz. everywhere. R. J. LEA, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Rev. F. B. Meyer, Regent's Park Chapel, London.

REV. NUISANCE,—Henceforth I shall call you Jerry Meyer as you appear to be always lamenting over other people's sins. You are evidently out for notoriety, and your clerical brethren must be green with envy at the easy manner in which you achieve it. Having tasted blood, you are once more on the warpath, and have again been successful in persuading your invertebrate marionettes on the L.C.C. to endorse your impudent demands. What right have *you*, sir, of all people in the world, to appoint yourself censor of our morals and amusements? You are a self-confessed mental and physical degenerate. In your filthy pamphlet, recently referred to by me, you admit that, *on your own initiative*, and without temptation, you were accustomed to indulge in practices whereby "the body becomes stunted and weakly, the eyes lose their brightness, the mind loses its vigour, the memory is weakened, so that it cannot retain what has been read or learnt." You go on to say that, in consequence, you "did not grow to be as strong and tall" as you might have done, and that your chest "would have been broader," your "muscles stronger" and your "mind more vigorous" than they are now. You "wasted the raw material" of your "manhood," and you lament that if you had your time over again you would "be a man." Do take my advice, meddling minister, and cease to meddle with the sports and amusements of healthy-minded people. Your bad example has already incited, among others, the Rev. Alfred Newns, of St. Jude's Vicarage, Gray's Inn Road, to go about staring into a respectable woman's face, and giving her into custody, and doing his utmost to brand her as a prostitute. Indeed, this reverend notoriety hunter seems to have gone one better than yourself; for it was stated that when the poor woman in her mental anguish called out "Oh, God forgive me!" he replied, "No, I will *not* forgive you." Smyth-Pigott will have to look to his laurels.

In conclusion, let me rub in the *argumentum ad hominem* by commending to your notice the following sentences, from your own pamphlet: "*To those who have dirty minds everything is dirty. A pig will make a parlour into a pigsty.*"

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians.

SIR,—In *Mrs. Bull* a few weeks ago there appeared a very touching article entitled "The Judge, the Woman and the Child." It was correctly described as a tragedy of poverty and a triumph of wrong, and it referred to the action of your Board in tearing away from a devoted and respectable mother the daughter whom she was anxious to take under her care. That, however, by the way. I have had placed in my hands a correspondence between my companion journal and your Clerk, revealing a condition of mind on the part of your Board amounting to a positive scandal. It appears that the readers of *Mrs. Bull* were generous enough to subscribe certain moneys for the benefit of the poor mother who had made so gallant an effort to recover the custody of her child. Not knowing the woman's address, you were courteously asked whether you would receive the money and forward it to the proper quarter. And what was your Clerk's reply? He was instructed to state, "that the Guardians must decline to receive the money." You were then politely asked to furnish the address of the woman, in order that a remittance might be made to her direct, and again what was your reply? You decided "to take no action in the matter"! What have you to say for yourselves? Is it anything else than damnable that the Guardians of the Poor, knowing the anguish of mind which this poor woman has endured and the trouble and expense to which they have put her, decline to afford the slightest facility for the conveying to her of such monetary relief as the generous readers of *Mrs. Bull* are desirous of forwarding her? Go and hide your faces for shame—or I will come down with my dog and whip and drive you out of your luxurious Board room.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Bull, London.

Notice you are giving away husband as prize. What's the matter with me?

BULL.

To the Lord Bishop of Hereford, The Palace, Hereford.

YOUR RIGHT REVERENCE,—In the course of discussion at the Diocesan Conference in the Cathedral Library, a reporter of one of the morning papers alleges that "condemnation was expressed by several speakers of the custom of farmers in Herefordshire giving cider with the wages of men and boys, and substitutes were suggested, such as lemonade, oatmeal, etc." Accepting the veracity of my facile brother, may I ask your lordship to what the "etc." refers? Cider is admittedly an inebriating refreshment, and of course lemon is quenchy, and oatmeal is feeding; but what I really wish to know is whether the Conference considered the pre-eminent sustaining and thirst-destroying qualities of hay soup and thistle wine? If not, perhaps the members of the Conference would like to introduce them to the attention of field workers in the neighbourhood. Your lordship could hear what they said afterwards.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Evens, of Brynkynallt, Wales.

DEAR DOC.,—I hasten to congratulate you upon your fearless and outspoken speech to the Free Church Council. You were warned, you said, before you went out to India against employing natives who had been converted, but you were determined to try them. The first you gave a full trial, but had to dismiss. You tried a second and a third convert to Christianity, but had to get rid of them. Then you engaged a Mohammedan servant, and you had no reason to complain about him. In Benares you called upon a distinguished Missionary, but could not find a Christian servant in his house. Very few Missionaries had Christian servants. Then you asked the Council the pregnant question, "If the Missions were a success, was it not time that the natives should have their own churches?" a poser the members were unable to answer. You went on to remark that Missionaries had complained to you that they could never have their reports published as they wrote them; that they were "cooked" in England in order that a pleased public might give money. The Rev. T. Gascoigne weakly retorted that "we should pray for them." Whereupon you replied, "I think we are praying too much and doing too little." Your experience is that of every traveller who has not gone about with his eyes shut. But credulous cranks continue to spend their wealth on turning good heathens into bad Christians.

JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff Fyfe, The Courthouse, Glasgow.

DEAR FYFE,—As one who has long been watching the efforts of your mighty city to put down the abominable traffic in drink, I naturally rejoice to perceive that you are taking the initiative in putting down the not less abominable traffic in food. No doubt you will tell me that it is all due to Bobby Bennett, the provision man, and in your modesty disclaim any credit for the humble performance of your duty. I will not dispute the amenities with you, my dear Sheriff; but what I say is this, that in inflicting a penalty of 2s. 6d., with £1 7s. 6d. costs, upon Bobby for selling half a pound of ham, half a pound of potted meat, a loaf of bread, and two penn'orth of scones after eight o'clock p.m., you deserve the gratitude of your countrymen. They will perceive in this decision the flush of a rosier dawn, the promise of a freer, a holier, and a gladder day—a day when food and drink will be banished from the land and Scotsmen will only hunger and thirst after the wind which escapes from the national bagpipes. Thus shall the law be fulfilled and thrift be justified of her children.

JOHN BULL.

Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Dublin.

Is it true memorials of police for increased pay have been torn up by superintendents? Better inquire.

BULL.

General Caneva, Headquarters, Italian Army, Tripoli.

Understand you have prohibited photographs of your army operations. Can quite understand. I have some old ones of previous Italian wars.

BULL.

Churchill, Admiralty, London.

Sorry you have interfered with Jack Tar's boxing bouts. The more he learns to "take his gruel," the better.

BULL.

HARD LINES!

ASQUITH: "Pretty hard lines, isn't it, Lloyd? We have just finished fighting the Lords, and now we have to tackle the ladies!"

JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1911.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

Home and foreign politics appear to have administered a cold douche to business in stocks and shares. *Consols* and other *gilt-edged stocks* have been dull, and dealings in home securities generally have been restricted, notwithstanding the cessation of the French gold demand, which foreshadows easier money with the increasing stocks of gold at the Bank of England. The belated discussion of the recent critical position between Germany and this country appears to have made investors nervous, but it has not prevented them from giving support to various *Foreign* and *Colonial* issues which have been placed before them of late. The *Yankee market* has again been manipulated, and the fact that ex-President Roosevelt, the whilom deadly enemy of *Trusts*, is now taking their part, has encouraged Wall Street, although this is evidently merely a political move. *Canadian Pacifics* are not quite so firm, as the bonus on new share issues has not yet materialised, but *Grand Trunks* deserve the attention of investors, especially in view of the benefits to be derived from the *Grand Trunk Pacifics*. The various *Mexican Railway stocks* have been on the up grade, while *South African Gold* and *Diamond Mines* are recovering. The best market, however, has been *Home Rails*, in view of the brighter labour outlook, while *Copper* and *Tin* have been advancing, and with them some of the mines. *Rubber shares* are in the dumps again.

Lion Circuit of Playhouses.

I have referred on several occasions to the Lion Circuit of Playhouses, which is run by the Entertainment Development Syndicate, Ltd., of 5, Broad Street Place. It will be remembered that I recently made mention of the latest house which they had successfully opened—that is, the Palladium at Brighton—a reconstruction of the old Alhambra. This House, with its new and striking decorations, its brilliant illuminations, its palm court, and other features of elegance and comfort, is rapidly gaining its way in the esteem of the inhabitants and visitors at Brighton and Hove. The result should be highly satisfactory to the shareholders in this particular undertaking, and I may mention that the 10s. shares now are available at 11s. net. Amongst other Houses on the Lion Circuit, I might mention the Luton Picturedrome, which has just paid a dividend; Picturettes (Liverpool), Ltd., which took over the old Princes Picturedome, and which is now running in a prosperous manner; the Loughborough Picture Playhouse, which embarked a short time ago upon what promises to be a successful career; and other Houses in different parts of Great Britain. I understand that the controllers of this Circuit have now completed arrangements for taking over the Empire Theatre of Varieties at Tonypandy, the principal Theatre in the Rhondda Valley. This house should have a most brilliant future; it is situated in a district where entertainments are greatly looked for, and not only so, but the people who look for these entertainments are those who are able to pay for same. Building operations are likewise in the course of progress at Newport and at Falkirk, in both of which towns the prospects are highly encouraging. The directorate controlling this circuit have had vast experience and are assisted by Mr. Jack de Frece as general manager and booking agent. With the approach of the winter season the theatre business should improve, and investors wishing to take up amusement shares would be making a wise selection in purchasing shares in companies controlled by the Lion Circuit of Playhouses.

Argentine Rails Advancing, as Foreshadowed in "John Bull."

Those of my readers who followed my advice with regard to *Argentine Rails* have no reason to complain. *Buenos Ayres Western* are now receiving the dividend of 4½ per cent. at 131 x.d., and *Central Argentine*, which I recommend at 106 cum dividend, are up at 107, ex the dividend of 3½ per cent., and, therefore, mark a considerable rise. The cheapest are perhaps *Buenos Ayres Great Southern*, which declined to 120 on the new issue, but this is a 7 per cent. stock, and is now recovering at 121½ xd. The most important rise has taken place in *Entre Rios Ordinary* and *Second Prefs.* The *Ordinary* were quoted 48, and the *Second Prefs.* 70 when I drew attention to them specially, and have now advanced to 74½ and 74 (ex the dividend of 4 per cent.) respectively. I may mention that the *Ordinary* received a dividend of 1½ per cent., and that for the current year such dividend is estimated at 4 to 5 per cent.

Home Rails v. Foreign Investments—A Good Time Coming.

There is a fashion in investment, as in everything else, and just now anything foreign, yielding 5 per cent. per annum and upwards, is being snapped up with avidity. Yet, if investors only paused a moment they would find that they could do as well, and perhaps even better, in high-class home securities, notably Home Rails. Circumstances have brought quotations of these stocks down to a very low level, and as the former are quite of a temporary character, and the Railways themselves continue to do remarkably well, I consider that the present offers a splendid opportunity for investment. The following comparative table of quotations and yields will bear out this view:—

	Dividend Per Cent. for Year 1910-11.	Recent Highest Price	Price Sept. 1.	Present Price.	Yield Per Cent. Per Annum.
					£ s. d.
North Western	6½	143	133½	136	5 0 5
Great Western	6	127	120½	121½	4 18 9
Midland Deferred ..	3½	76½	69¾	71	4 18 9
North Eastern	6½	130½	126	131½	5 9 3
Lancs. and Yorkshire ..	4½	98	92	93	5 1 3
Great Central 1881. Pref.	5	113	110	110	4 11 0
Ldn. Bright. & S.C. Def.	5*	104½	96	98½	5 1 6
S. Eastern Pref. ..	6	122	116	121	4 19 3
Ldn. Chatham, 1st Pref.	4½	89	84	87	5 3 6
Great Eastern	3½	68½	66	68½	4 18 6
Gt. Northern Def. ..	2½*	49½	47½	52	4 11 5
North Staffordshire ..	4½	95	92xd.	92	5 3 3
South Western Def. ..	2½†	55	44½	45⅝	4 13 0
Met. Dis. 4½ p..1st.Pref.	4½	92	87	88	5 2 3
London Electric Pref. ..	4	85½	83	83	4 16 6
North British Pref. ..	3	67	65	62	4 16 9

* For the year, Estimated.
† Last Annual Dividend

The best plan for small investors is to select a number of the above stocks, of the different classes, obtaining in this way a good average yield at a minimum of risk. I do not for a moment believe in a fresh railway strike, and it looks also as if the coal trouble will be smoothed over. The railway companies have very big traffic increases to their credit, and although the recent wages concessions will cost them a lot, they will doubtless largely make up for the same by economies in working and in the handling of traffic, as well as in more efficient labour.

Sharp Fluctuations in Kaffirs and Rhodesians, and a Final Rally—The Chartered Splitting Rumour.

Several circumstances combined to cause a reaction in *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians* last week, which is, however, now being recovered. In the first instance a "Bear" drive was made against *City Deep*, putting the price down from 3 to 2⅝, the movement being accompanied by rumours that there was something wrong about the title of the property, but the rumour has been officially contradicted, and the price is up again at 2¹³⁄₁₆. Another "Bear" point was the uncertainty with regard to the Commission investigating *East Rand Props.*, although the report now published is to the effect that there has been no real loss of gold, but that there had been an over-estimate of tonnage, the cleaning-up being manipulated in an endeavour to keep up returns, a state of affairs which reflects seriously upon the management. The Report deals with the directors' knowledge of the state of affairs, and of the causes for the decline in the shares. Prices are likely to improve now, and already *Rand Mines* are quoted at 6¾, *Goldfields* 4⅛, *Central Mining* 10⅝. Messrs. Lewis and Marks announce that they have converted their business into a limited company, with an issued capital of £1,500,000. Messrs. Isaac Lewis, Barnet Lewis, and Samuel Marks, the present partners, will become permanent directors, and Mr. C. F. Rowsell, who has for many years held the signature of the firm—and is a most able lieutenant—will also become a director of the company. The firm is one of the great *Kaffir* finance houses, and holds many important interests, having of late acquired a considerable holding in *Rhodesians*. Rumours have been revived again that the *Chartered shares* will be split into 5 per cent. prefs. and ordinary shares, the latter taking the whole of the rights, including the profits on the railways. It is impossible to say at present whether this is a *ballon d'essai*, or whether the absence of all knowledge at the office here will, after all, prove merely a device for gaining time. *Planet-Arcturus* are now quoted at 1⅛ *Rhodesia Exploration* 3⅛, *Eldorado* 3⅛, *Amalgamated Props*, 5s., *Cam and Motor* 34s. 6d., *Shamva Mines*, 4⅞. A strong tone prevails in the market for *Diamond* shares, and *De Beers* have again advanced to 10⅛. *Premier Deferred* to 10⅛. *Diamond Proprietary*, to which I drew attention last week, then quoted 3s. 3d. to 3s. 6d., have come into strong demand, and close at 4s. 1¾d. bid. As this is a producing diamond property of considerable promise, and the capital is small, the price of the shares is still very moderate.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, 7, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but as a proof of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

ANGLO-AMERICAN INVESTMENT TRUST.—N. A. K. (Harrow).—You certainly have a grievance against the Anglo-American Investment Trust, of 212, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C., but you are to blame for having placed the £5 in the hands of such a cock-and-bull concern as the Russian Mail Contractors' Promotion Syndicate, Limited. It has no doubt gone the same way as the Anglo-Investment Trust of Allison and Co.

HAMBURG AND OTHER STATE LOTTERIES.—SHEET MILLS.—I regret that I cannot help you in the matter. Foreign lotteries, as other lotteries, are illegal in this country. The Hamburg Lottery is respectably conducted, but you have to take the tickets through the intermediaries, who are mostly shady.

CONSOLIDATED OIL TRUST LIMITED.—G. J. S. (Ealing).—You seem to have just cause for blaming the directors of the Consolidated Oil Trust, Limited (to which you have subscribed), for taking £1,759 in fees, when there is not a penny profit shown. In common decency they ought to waive their fees. The balance-sheet mixes up assets and expenditure, and of the assets only the investments at cost, £6,552, may or may not be of any value, and against this there are sundry creditors, £2,102. You had better combine with some of your co-shareholders in any steps you wish to take. The documents are returned.

AUSTRALIAN MINE.—WARDOWN.—Yes, but always recognising that the investment is of a speculative character.

MANCHESTER CONCERN.—OMAR.—Being in the employ of the Company, you should surely have the best means of judging the position. Very little is known of the concern in London, where there are no dealings in the shares. Your best plan, therefore, if you cannot rely on your own judgment, is to make enquiries locally.

OILS.—D. H.—No recent news has been published, and it is quite correct that the Consolidated Goldfields have an option on the property, although whether they will exercise the same depends upon the results of development. As the £1 shares stand at only 9s6d, I am not very sanguine as regards the prospects. CRAVEN.—You would be ill-advised to sell Maikop Pipe-line shares now. This, and other Maikop companies, are at last turning the corner. Instead of selling, you should take an opportunity to average your holding. SURE.—(1) I know of no particular reason, except the general dulness of the oil market. This, however, is now passing away, and you might as well keep the shares for an improvement. (2) I do not like these Picture Theatre shares, and there is no regular market in the same.

MURCHISON ASSOCIATED.—T. B.—A special paragraph appeared in JOHN BULL of October 7th, and for that reason no further mention was made about the shares. You should certainly hold for a rise.

LOCAL LOANS.—SPADE.—(1) You need not trouble yourself in the matter. According to present indications, the stock will be duly renewed on terms which will be published in due course, and which will also inform you how to act in the matter. In any case, your broker should be able to look after this for you. (2) Why not buy gilt-edged Colonial Government bonds, which are just as good, but give a bigger yield, and good redemption terms?

RUBBERS.—M. A. B.—This rubber company seems to be a fairly good one, and the shares are still quoted 1s. premium. The latest information available shows satisfactory progress, and a production of over 23,000 lbs. of rubber is expected for next year. It should be worth while keeping the shares. I cannot advise with regard to the firm in question, but my invariable rule is to recommend dealing only through members of the Stock Exchange.

THIRD RECONSTRUCTION.—R. P.—I do not think it is worth following this reconstruction. There seems to be no revenue worth having in the mine, and it looks like throwing good money after bad.

DORMANT SOUTH AFRICANS.—M. E. (Truro).—There is no market for either of these shares, and, in fact, the concerns are dormant. Whether they will ever come to life again is very doubtful.

FINANCIAL.—TEDDY.—This is a matter for a solicitor, who should be consulted at once, in order to take immediate steps for safeguarding your sister's position.

PALACE RESTAURANTS.—PALACE R.—On the face of it, you have a good case, but if the articles of association confer wide powers upon the directors, as is usually the case, I am afraid you have no remedy. In any case, you could not carry this through yourself, but would have to combine with other shareholders.

OILS.—NOVICE.—(1) The fortunes of the Maikop Oilfields are now on the mend, and you should certainly hold Anglo-Maikops. (2) These are less desirable, but should also be kept for an improvement with the rest of the market. (3) Lobitos are more than usually speculative, and when you can see a profit—take it.

FULLER'S.—ABEDALE (Furness).—The Company seems to be doing well, and has paid substantial dividends since its establishment in January, 1896. The next accounts are due for publication March. The office is at Great Church Lane, Hammersmith, W., and the Hon. H. Beaumont, M.P., is Chairman of the Company. There is, however, no regular market for the shares, and transactions therein are a matter for negotiation.

SAVINGS BANK.—OTSEM.—The Government certainly does not guarantee this institution, and, especially in view of latest developments, I do not recommend deposits in the same. You cannot do better than the P.O. Savings Bank.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor 93, Long Acre, W.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—R. P. (Cardiff).—The policy is illegal unless it was taken out for funeral expenses, but it would probably be paid at death. L. B. (Manchester).—Why do you say "so far as I can remember"? If your father-in-law could not write, and his name was written on the proposal form, it is obvious that he was not the writer. W. B. (Newton-Longueville).—If the facts are as you state them, the Company has behaved in a way that is quite indefensible. J. R. (Eastbourne).—We will look into the matter. F. D. (Bridport).—The policy is illegal, but they would probably pay at death. W. E. (Tipton).—We do not think the Company will offer more than £4 12s., or that you can get more by litigation. JOHN BULL READER (Forest Gate).—The policy is invalid. A. W. (Manchester).—We fear you have no remedy, but are another victim of the Prudential. G. F. P. (Gateshead-on-Tyne).—If the agent forged your grandfather's signature, you can get the money back. Consult a local solicitor, and sue the Company. CONSTANT READER (Newport).—If your parents signed the proposal form, get the Company to give you a written promise to pay you at death. R. G. (Kentish Town).—If the proposals were properly signed you may continue to pay, provided the Company undertakes to pay you at death. S. E. (Stockbridge).—We fear you have no remedy. Write to the Company and ask them to name the highest sum they will grant you. R. E. G. (Luton).—If Garner did not sign the proposal form the policy is waste paper. Make the Company promise to pay you at death. L. (Chelsea).—We fear you have no remedy. T. S. (Birmingham).—Unless the proposal forms were forged, the only thing to do is to get the Company to promise to pay you at death. L. A. (Manchester).—We fear you will have to wait until the will is proved. J. E. (Kealey).—Consult a local solicitor. E. S. (Manchester).—We think the premiums could be recovered. Consult a good local solicitor. G. F. (Bournemouth).—The policies appear to be in order. S. P. (Paisley).—The premiums are recoverable. S. F. (Saint Andrews).—The policy seems to be in order and would probably be paid at death. G. J. (Treharris).—Request full payment. Consult a good local solicitor. A. E. (Croydon).—You are one of many similar victims, but we cannot recommend proceedings. REVOLUTION (Llantrisant).—If you did not sign the proposal form for the new policy it is illegal. Write them, and consult a good local solicitor. J. A. (Islington).—The policies appear to be in order. S. A. (Edinburgh).—If the only name on the policy is that of your son, sue the Company for the premiums. W. S.—The premiums could be got back if the facts can be proved. Consult a local solicitor. READER OF "JOHN BULL" (Liverpool).—If your wife was persuaded by the agent that her signature was not necessary, you could recover the premiums by suing for them. E. M. G. (Forest Gate).—Our solicitor will write you direct. V. H. (Carmarthen).—Ditto. F. W. (Kentish Town).—Ditto. J. P. (York).—Ditto. P. M. (Luton).—Ditto. T. W. E. (Totland Bay).—The premiums are clearly recoverable. T. S. F. (Buxton).—You could recover. W. H. (Walthamstow).—We have asked our solicitor to write you direct. MRS. P. (Kilburn).—Ditto. J. R. (Long Acre).—Ditto. K. L. (Chiswick).—Ditto. MRS. ROSE (Willesden Green).—Ditto. MRS. E. (Hartlepool).—Ditto. H. H. (Southport).—Ditto. A. M. (Catford).—Ditto. C. M. M. (Manchester).—Ditto. W. E. (Leicester).—Ditto. A. (Old Town).—Ditto. MRS. S. (Bermondsey).—Ditto. MRS. C. (Torquay).—Ditto. MRS. E.—Ditto. G. M. (Croydon).—You must wait until death. WEMD (Taunton).—The policies are illegal, but they would probably be paid at death. M. E. (Battersea).—We are glad to learn from your letter that your action upon our advice has resulted in the Company paying you. E. A. B. (New Southgate).—You could recover. You should consult a local solicitor. E. J. S. P.—The policy is illegal. ENQUIRER (Scunthorpe).—Ditto. E. P. (Wimbledon).—If, as we gather from your letter, the policy was taken out to cover funeral expenses, it is valid. J. D. (Glasgow).—You say the Company has pocketed £36 10s. 8d. of your money, in the sense that you have paid to them that sum over and above what they returned to you, and you ask if you could get it back. We fear not. You came to terms with them, and you must abide by the arrangement. Moreover, the transaction was completed years ago. R. N. (Wilts).—The policies are illegal, but they would probably be paid at death. G. H. W. (Oldham).—We cannot answer your letter as to the validity of the policy unless you can tell us whether the person insured signed the proposal form. B. A. W. (Beckenham).—Unless taken out to cover funeral expenses, the policy is invalid. UNEASY (Carrick-on-Shannon).—It is for you to decide whether you think it worth while to take the £16 10s., or continue paying upon the policy, which we assume to be all right. W. H. G. (Morecambe).—You could ascertain the exact surrender value by applying to the head office. R. J. (Cardiff).—If, as we gather from your letter, the policy was not intended to cover funeral expenses, you could compel the return of the premiums. M. R. (Birmingham).—Sue. A. R. (Peterboro').—The policy is illegal unless it was taken out to cover funeral expenses. T. H. (Ashbourne).—If the agent made the statement you quote, he misled you, and if you can prove the misstatement you could recover. The difficulty would be to prove it. We return the correspondence. A. N. N. (Marlborough).—We think the policy illegal. It is true that it was taken out to cover funeral expenses, but it is for a larger sum than may be fairly said to be "reasonable," as interpreted by the Act of 1909. We return the policy.

REFUGE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. B. (Omagh).—If there was a regular assignment accepted by the Company, we take it that the policy will be paid at death. A. M. B. (Walthamstow).—We have little doubt that the free policy would be paid at death. J. W. (Sheffield).—The policy is illegal, and unless you can get your father into a different frame of mind, we do not see what you can do.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—G. I. G. (Oxford).—We have frequently advised persons thinking about taking out a Bond of the Association to master the contents before entering into a contract. We return the correspondence.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—G. E. C. (Winchester).—If the policy was taken out for funeral expenses, it is binding. If not, not.

LONDON, EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. P. (Boston).—There was no insurable interest. We return the policy.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—C. L. (Kelly).—The policy is illegal. A. S. H. (Globe Road).—Unless you took the policy out to cover funeral expenses, it is illegal. W. H. N. (Stratford).—Ditto. L. S. J. (Ellesmere).—You had better continue.

ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—T. B. (Wolverhampton).—You could recover upon the policies.

CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION.—T. M. H.—From the papers you send us it appears that the premiums on your policy were not duly remitted, and it therefore lapsed. In these circumstances, we are afraid you have nothing to do but to acquiesce in the decision of the Company.

CLAIM UPON POLICIES.—J. E. (Southend-on-Sea).—The husband would seem to be the proper person.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—MRS. C. (Durham).—You say you have a complaint against the Company, but you do not tell us what it is. E. McN. (Castle Douglas).—The policy is illegal. We return it. A. S. S. (London).—Ditto. J. S. (Edinburgh).—They are much of a muchness. The policies you hold are illegal. F. F. (Fulham). Ditto.

RECOVERY OF PREMIUMS.—T. E. (Thurston).—Write to the Company demanding return, and let us see their answer.

NATIONAL COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. A. W. W. (Tunbridge Wells).—It is a Company started only two years ago. The answer to the other portion of your letter is in the negative.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. F. T. (Clevedon).—We do not see that you can do anything in the matter. The position taken up by the Company is quite sound. We return the letters.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—WORRIED.—Unless the policies were taken out to cover funeral expenses they are invalid.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—WEBB (Fleetwood).—We do not see that you have any grievance. You wanted to buy a house and the Company told you that they could not get satisfactory title. Presumably they told you truly, and in that case it is unreasonable to blame them for not assisting you to purchase the house.

It is requested that all letters sent us relating to the validity of policies held in the Prudential be marked on the envelope "Prudential." Owing to the thousands of enquiries which have been received, some little delay in dealing with them is unavoidable, but every endeavour is being made to expedite answers.

"INDIAN STUDENTS AND ENGLISH GIRLS."

WHAT OUR READERS THINK.

[Our article under this heading has aroused widespread interest and brought us a shoal of letters from Indian students, English parents, and others. Below we give the gist of some of them.]

A teacher at Armstrong College (University of Durham), Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has, he says, had every opportunity of coming into close contact with a large number of Indian students, states that "they prove themselves worthy in their studies, and also in their behaviour in and out of college." To his knowledge there has never been a complaint made against their moral character. Those at the University referred to come from the best Indian families, and do not lose sight of that fact. He asserts that no modest girl would think of deliberately turning round and waving her hand to students in the way alleged by "British Father," and thinks that instead of condemning the Indian students the writer ought to blame the behaviour of the girl.

Nabobs' Shilling Dinners.

On the other hand, "A British Woman," is emphatically hostile to the Indians. She says she has had a lot to do with them, as she had them at her house at Shepherd's Bush for three years. She describes them as "very rich men," and says, "There was one beast who wore a turban who used to come and dine. He could eat any amount. I have seen him eat a dreadful pile of food, and he insisted on having it for 1s. when 1s. 6d. was the price. And then there are others that could be mentioned who had a good feed one night, and then would not pay for it." These nabobs, it appears, "wanted the whole house for 4s. a week; there was always a row." The students are, it seems, "so run after by the girls that they cannot settle down. Several girls of all ages used to come. One was decently educated; she used to ask for a certain gentleman, and when he was tired of her he passed her on to another one, and so on to a third. One girl was only fifteen years of age. One beauty, who called himself a 'vet.' in the Indian Army, got one girl into trouble, and then went back to his own country."

The Indian Student's Superiority.

"Miss Olga Humphrey married an Egyptian prince," says "B. G. P.," an Indian residing at Notting Hill, "whilst 21, Cromwell Road, is a sort of social club where facilities are offered to young Indians to come into contact with the better class of English society. Perhaps superior society to the type of the British father." At the same time, Mr. Arnold is appointed and paid by the Government to lend his friendly aid to settle young Indians on their arrival in the Metropolis if they apply for such help. "B. G. P." states that the Indian student rarely fails to pass his examination within the minimum time prescribed —"this is more than could be said in favour of the average British student. It argues that either the young Indian does not waste his time, as 'British Father' makes out, or he is intelligent enough to pass his tests without sweating with hard work."

"Love-Blooming Faces."

"A. K. B.," another Eastern gentleman, writes poetically: "Several friends of mine have got their white wives. I never knew any who was unhappy in his family life. Whenever I had the pleasure of meeting them the idea of divorce seemed to me utterly impossible. When these happy ladies used to appear before me with their love-blooming faces and hearts full up with affection and goodness, it would naturally strike my mind how these adopted daughters of India contributed each a cool and murmuring stream of gentle love and sweetness to the main and glorious love-flow—the Ganges—which flows through the heart of my Motherland." Naturally, so spiritual a gentleman finds it "very unpleasant to write anything on the facts which 'British Father' has quoted."

The Influence of the Occult.

"Galahad," an Ealing lady, welcomes "British Father's" warning. "It is well known," she says, "that the East is the home of magic powers unknown to the younger races, or far more common there. For many years these powers and their development have been introduced into the Western world through a certain society. Few outside the inner circle of the various occult societies are aware that devilish practices are carried on with the view of more rapid development of so-called 'spiritual' powers. A lady friend recently passed through a most horrible experience—which proves that this warning is no product of imagination. That she escaped contamination is due to the possession of a tremendously strong will."

"Tu Quoque!"

"C. E. B." (Birmingham) writes: "Surely these sporadic cases do not determine the code of morals of any nation. Why, foreign Europeans may be just as guilty! In fact, to judge from some of the lower middle-class English people out in India would be most unfair to the English people as a whole. Their implied 'High Code of Morality' does not seem to be enough to stop them from producing, in ever-growing number, that particular third section, besides English and Indians, which is a difficult social and political problem in India. What about all those *coolie* women kept by English-folk there?"

The Question of Caste.

Support of "A British Father's" view comes from an East Dulwich reader, who says that, when visiting at a Calcutta hotel a friend who was ill, he heard from some adjacent room a woman screaming, and was told by the invalid that it was "a very sad case, but, unfortunately not an uncommon one. The other day I went on to the verandah and spoke to her. It appears that her father had been a British officer, who died early, his widow then taking a West End apartment house. To this place came an Indian student, who paid great attention to the landlady's daughter, and got her to marry him, stating that when he passed his examination and was admitted to the Bar he would return to India, where he was a prince. Upon arrival in India they stopped at this hotel, and he went round amongst his fraternity to lay the basis of his future. After a time he returned to her, and told her the inevitable—which was that his Caste would have nothing to do with him unless he regained his status, and that he could not expect to obtain a brief until he did so—that he would not have a friend, not even his own father, unless he rehabilitated himself by going through the ceremony of getting his caste back, failing which he was a beggar. He had therefore decided to revert to native habits, and rejoin his caste, which necessitated his wife adopting native customs and going into confinement behind the purdah for ever, and never again looking upon any man but her husband. The poor girl, discovering also that she was to have the companionship of only a number of Indian women, whom the husband would introduce into the seraglio as other wives, became mentally unbalanced."

A Legal View.

As bearing upon this last letter we give the following extract from that of a Scottish barrister, who practised for over twenty years at the Madras Bar. He says: "There can be no marriage between an English girl and a Mohammedan or Hindoo, whose personal view admits of a plurality of wives—see *Browne and Fowler on Divorce, page* 145. There is also a case from Ceylon—as I remember, an English Civil Servant professed to have adopted the religion of Mahomet and purported to divorce his wife—the method is simple according to the Mohammedan law. He then proceeded to marry another lady. Another case occurred in Madras in the East India Company's days."

An Indian clergyman, residing in the North of London, says: "No race of people in the world regard the chastity of women with greater awe and reverence than the Hindus. In England, an Englishman may, with impunity, ruin a girl and go unscathed *socially*, whereas in India the Hindu that ruins a girl must stand in the same social pillory as herself. Let it not be forgotten that it was the Anglo-Indian community that made the dens of vice and impurity fashionable, and filled the streets of Indian cities with 'lost' women."

From One Who Should Know.

"M. R. R." says: "I am the wife of an Indian student. During the past four years I have met with a number of these students, and have at all times been treated in the most gentlemanly way. Their moral code and idea of womanhood are based upon the highest scale. At present I am residing in London with my two little ones, and hope to join my husband in the early spring. My husband has proved an ideal husband and father, and I have no fear of the future."

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and are daily receiving testimonials couched in words of gratitude from those who have proved for themselves the reliability of our advices. These testimonials are open for your inspection and can be seen any day at our offices.

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E. G.	75	10	0	C. D. G.	25	0	0
E. L. F.	100	0	0	S. H.	35	0	0
J. B. P.	29	15	0	Col. F. S. T.	1	4	0	0
A. S.	32	0	0	S.H.	32	0	0
H. G. B.	36	0	0	J. C. K.	24	0	0
P. D.	30	0	0	G. T. G.	4	12	9
T. Y. R.	37	16	6	J. W.	24	0	0
Sir E. B.	36	0	0	A. R. B.	55	11	0
W. A. B.	22	16	0	J. S. H.	33	12	6

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SPURIOUS SYMPOSIUMS.

SUPPOSITITIOUS REPLIES OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE NEW LEADER.

We print below a selection from the large number of replies we have received to the question :—"Do you approve of Mr. Bonar Law as Mr. Balfour's successor; is he the right man in the right place: if so, why; and if not, why not?"

From MR. WALTER LONG :—
In reply to your inquiry, Mr. Bonar Law is merely an expedient. The exigencies of party politics have thrust him to the front. I bow to the necessities which have placed the leadership in his hands. There is, I venture to think, but one man prominent in politics to-day who possesses to an unexampled degree all the fine and rare qualities essential for a successful leader of a great party. There is but one man living to-day who is fit to step into Arthur Balfour's shoes and worthily carry on the splendid traditions which have distinguished the Conservative chieftainship in the past. Unfortunately, the circumstances in which the Tory party find themselves at the moment have prevented that particular person's appointment to the captaincy—to the great regret and profound disappointment of all true Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.
It is, of course, quite unnecessary for me to add that the individual referred to is—Yours truly, WALTER LONG.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN writes :—
In reply to your inquiry, Mr. Bonar Law is merely an expedient. The exigencies of party politics have thrust him to the front. I bow to the necessities which have placed the leadership in his hands. There is, I venture to think, but one man prominent in politics to-day who possesses to an unexampled degree all the fine and rare qualities essential for a successful leader of a great party. There is but one man living to-day who is fit to step into Arthur Balfour's shoes and worthily carry on the splendid traditions which have distinguished the Conservative chieftainship in the past. Unfortunately, the circumstances in which the Tory party find themselves at the moment have prevented that particular person's appointment to the captaincy—to the great regret and profound disappointment of all true Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.
It is, of course, quite unnecessary for me to add that the individual referred to is—Yours faithfully,
AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

From MR. H. H. ASQUITH comes the following remarkable missive :—
If it is the duty of the Opposition to oppose, then there is not much doubt that Bonar Law is the right man in the right place. Judging from what I have observed of his character, he means business. But if he thinks he is going to exercise his dour wit and commercial intelligence at my expense, he makes a mistake. I was never afraid to meet Arthur Balfour in debate; but somehow I don't like the looks of this new man. I have therefore decided to follow Balfour's example, and resign. Lloyd George will be my nominee for the vacant premiership, so you may bet your bottom dollar that there are some lively times ahead in the House of Commons.—Yours discreetly, H. H. ASQUITH.

SIR EDWARD CARSON wires :—
Too busy drilling men of Ulster, ready to march to Cork, to answer your questions. If you want my professional opinion you must approach me through solicitors in usual way.
CARSON.

MR. JOHN REDMOND writes :—
Your questions do not interest me. The Conservative party may choose Old Nick for their leader for what I care. I am the actual boss of the Government, the Opposition, and the House of Commons, and that is the only thing that matters to me.—Yours truly, "Toe the Line" REDMOND.

ADDLED ADS.

SOME CURIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

LADY highly recommends lady of 15, as house-boy; to live in; honest, steady, and industrious.—Apply ——.(*Bournemouth Daily Echo.*)

A PUBLIC ADDRESS will be delivered in CITY HALL ("A" Door), Albion Street, To-morrow Evening, at 6.30. Subject—"HELL: WHAT IS IT AND WHERE IS IT?" All welcome.—(*Glasgow News.*)

PUBLIC TEST of NEW DEAFNESS CURE. If your answer to any of the following questions is "Yes," you are entitled to one of the 10,000 public Test Free Treatments. . . . Can you hear a watch tick?—(*Morning Leader.*)

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

BY WALTER MOORE.

MR. BOOTH.

I had scarcely heard of this particular Booth until he got up in the House of Commons the other day to tell Lord Winterton what high regard he had for him. But as he seemed to be a man likely to make a mark of some sort or another in the world, I decided to interview him.

In pursuance of this laudable, if somewhat unprofitable purpose, I waylaid him in the lobby of the House of Commons a few days since, and with my pencil at the "present," challenged him to stand and deliver.

"So you are not really a company promotor?" I said.

"I would scorn the action," replied Mr. Booth. "True, I am and have been in the past connected with quite a lot of companies, but only as a director, I would have you understand."

"I presume that the companies with which you are and have been connected were promoted by somebody," I remarked.

"What a childish observation," retorted Mr. Booth. "Any fool must know that."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I returned, "for your remark proves that even you are not ignorant of the origin of the various concerns with which you are associated."

"That is a very rude speech," said Mr. Booth indignantly.

"Tut, tut," I retorted, "I have scarcely begun. I have not called you a cad yet, have I?"

"A cad!" exclaimed Mr. Booth. "I have never been called such a thing in my life!"

"Then you had better be careful," I responded. "Having made use of the expression yourself, you must not be surprised if it is retorted on you with interest."

"But I was justified in using the term in connection with Lord Winterton," protested Mr. Booth.

"The Speaker did not seem to think so," I reminded him.

"Blow the Speaker!" cried Mr. Booth. "I stand by Lloyd George—he is my man!"

"And you are his, so far as can be made out," I replied.

"What do you mean?" shouted Mr. Booth.

"Didn't you act as Mr. Lloyd George's bodyguard at Whitefield's?" I asked. "Didn't you have every heckler and possible interrupter hustled out of the meeting?"

Mr. Booth rubbed his hands.

"You remind me," he said, "of one of the most enjoyable times of my life."

"I believe you," said I. "But let us return to more serious topics. Is the River Nene, which, I understand, flows past the end of your back garden, still polluted, as you complained some weeks ago?"

"I'm afraid you are pulling my leg," said Mr. Booth.

"Your fears are not altogether groundless," I retorted.

THE OUTLOOK IN TORONTO.

"SUFFERING, DISEASE AND DEATH."

We take the following from the *Winnipeg Tribune* of October 7th, 1911 :—

> "Suffering, disease and distress are simply appalling in Toronto." This is an extract from a report made to the Toronto City Mission by the missionaries, who say it is difficult to overtake the demand made upon them.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th.

On this date will be published the magnificent combined Christmas Number of JOHN BULL and MRS. BULL, entitled

"JOHN AND MARY,"

PRICE TWOPENCE.

Our readers will need no recommendation of this colossal issue, profusely illustrated, and full of seasonable stories, articles, verse, etc., etc. Full particulars next week.

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"My word! I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Sargol, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well-known gentleman yesterday speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, stout, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result.

SARGOL WILL MAKE YOU NICE AND PLUMP.

"I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable results brought about by the use of Sargol, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 2 stone 10 during the last month, and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

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For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty-maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Men increase their nerve power as well as adding many pounds of good healthy flesh.

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While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was (and is) genuine. It saved my life. My health was quickly restored. I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less, I began to prefer tea, coffee, and other non-alcoholic liquids; the craving for liquor ceased, I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well, and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink. The treatment took only three days; the result has been permanent. By fortunate circumstances I learned the True Method of genuine cure for the drink habit with or without the drinker's knowledge. My Treatment is by far the best in the world; it is endorsed by physicians and legions of testimonials. I will send you ample proof.

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GET THE GENUINE CURE

Do you want to cure someone who is near and dear to you? Then my treatment is what you should get. Do not be misled by what seems to be cheaper, but what is absolutely valueless, and means a waste of time as well as money. Do not imagine that because some advertised remedy cured just one woman's husband, it is universally reliable. Consider how many cases it has cured. Read the Testimonials. If you have made the mistake of buying something which has done or is doing no good, abandon it and get the true method, which cures in seventy-two hours by the clock.

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EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk St., (306k), London, W.C.

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.]

By Moore Anking.

The Durdles,
Diddleston.

My Own Dearest Bert,—If your firm keep on raising your wages the way they do, seems to me they ought to let you have a clerk to reckon up how much it all comes to. I'm saying this for your own good, pet lamb, 'cause where should I be if you got nervus breakdown and went potty and had to be kept in canvas trousers with no pockets to cover up your hands and no room to collect your thoughts? Fancy me coming to see you on visiting-days and you sitting on the floor trying to chew the tassel off your cap.

I wonder how they 'xpect you to reckon your wages with another ninepence on and a farthing an hour extra for overtime, and half-pay when the string breaks and you fall off the van or when the horse for some reason of his own slams the nose-bag across your title-page. It don't seem human. And not only that, but having to account for missing parcels and who took them, and same time p'raps you have to lead the horse 'cause the driver's put his trust in Providence and too tired to hold the reins.

You know, dear, if I only had the right to protect you what I should do would be to go straight in the office to the manidger and demand to see the books. Then as soon as I under-stood what all the figgers meant, I should say This has got to be altered. In fewcher you will pay Bertram by check made out in my name. Then, dear, your wages would be reglar and your overtime be sure. But as things are I can't even goss how much would be left for housekeeping after you'd got your weekly sixpence for personal ex-penses. So you see my meaning, angel one, what's wanted in these things is a strong hand, and I couldn't push a heavy pram up hill and down dale as I do if it wasn't for a firm grip.

Fact is, dear, you ought to be at the front end driving by this time, 'stead of hanging on behind and getting swore at by conductors when the gee-gee takes his forty winks across the tram-lines. It's all non-sense them saying you can't reech to put the harness on. How do they manidge in Indyer and Sighbeerier where the elefants come from? Make 'em kneel down don't they? Yes of course they do, and sometimes build a castle or a row of houses over them before they're allowed to get up. Now why shouldn't the horse you go out with kneel to have his collar on, that's what I want to know. Your manidger ought to have me to talk to him.

You want to stick out for your rights in these times, else my word you don't get 'em, do you, loved one? Father used to say Them that won't be ruled by the rudder get cooled by the shock, and I shouldn't wonder but your firm would very soon pull in their horns if they had to deal with a woman of my sex.

Somehow this time of the year I always think of poor, dear father, though I wouldn't wish him back for anything, not if he's warm and comfortable where he is. And I don't suppose he's troubling about the miners going on strike.

I remember father once bringing home a Christmas turkey he'd found. Mother stuffed it with dried peas and things and we had to unscrew the top of the oven to get it out. You never see such a beauty.

Mother missed her apron while she was busy, and nothing was ever heard of it till one day when father had tramped miles with the organ and only took tuppence, a lady came out of one of the houses and said Play me the Lost Cord, she says, and if I have change next time you're round I'll give you something if I happen to be at home and haven't left the country.

Soon's father tuned up, a fit of coughing seized him and he coughed up bits of apron-string and linen-covered buttons till further orders. One of the buttons must have got in the works for the tune changed from the Lost Cord to Death of Nelson and the Old Bull and Bush, line of each and then back again. And at last the lady came out leading a dog and said father was to go about his bisniss.

So you see, loved one, every calling has its troubles, and p'raps you better hang on where you are till I think of something better.

x x x Yours in sweet affeckshun, x x x

Jane Ann.

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Its object will be to keep the Public, as far as possible, out of the hands of the Lawyers, by giving sound legal advice upon the various difficulties and doubts which perplex the citizen almost every day of his life, and which owing to the tendency of modern legislation, are ever increasing in extent.

A little timely knowledge of one's rights—a little timely advice before things have gone too far—will oft n save the expense and annoyance of a law suit—especia'ly if couched in simple, common-sense language which the ordinary individual can understand—instead of the ponderous jargon of the professional Lawyer.

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The Lay Lawyer will watch the Judges and the Magistrates, and will not hesitate to criticise them whenever the circumstances warrant.

The Lay Lawyer will keep a close eye on the members of the legal profession, and will endeavour to protect the Public against extortion by Solicitors and abuse by Counsel.

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"THE LAY LAWYER is a great idea—for the layman! But what about us poor professionals? We shall have to turn journalists and get on your staff!"

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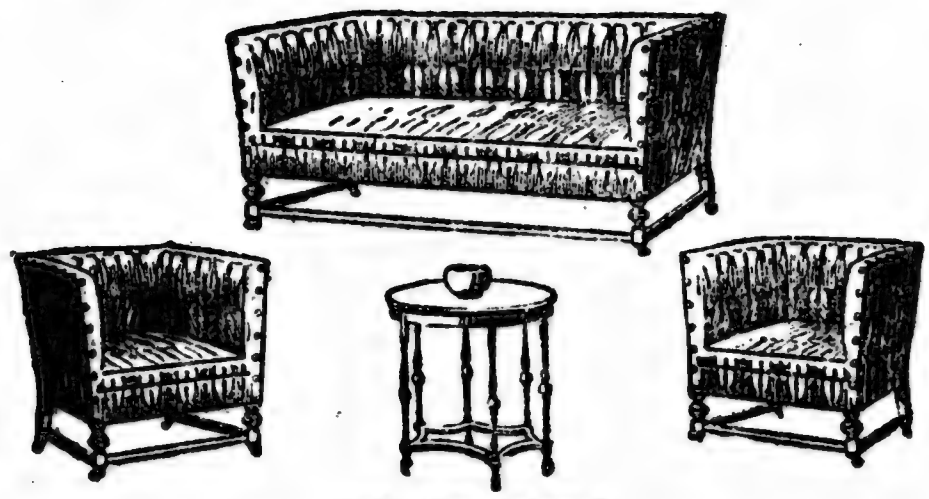

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

The New Opera House.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, of New York City, has built a magnificent and imposing-looking house in Kingsway, on one of the finest sites he could obtain in London, a site so grand, in fact, that I am forcibly reminded of our present hideously unprepossessing Covent Garden Opera House, tucked away in a frowsy, dirty, untidy corner of what Sir Francis Burnand once termed "mud salad market," a district literally smothered with cabbage stalks and nasty refuse, faced by a police court, and in the very centre of the least desirable quarter of the vast Metropolis. If we had possessed a Director of Public Taste, or an Office of Art, as well as of Works, we should no doubt have boasted a Grand Opera House where the old His Majesty's Theatre used to be, at the corner of Pall Mall and the Haymarket, or facing Trafalgar Square, or, better still, *vis-à-vis* to the Criterion in Piccadilly Circus. The new Hammerstein theatre is a beautiful building, and no stranger can step inside it without feeling instinctively that music, "the heavenly maid," dwells there, that music, the "sphere descended maid, friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid," abides there, and that to music alone this handsome gift from America, which has made such a valuable improvement to the Kingsway, should always remain dedicated.

"Die Fledermaus," and "Orphee aux Enfers."

At Christmas time, in addition to the pantomime productions at Drury Lane and the Lyceum Theatre, we are promised two extra special operatic entertainments. The one is to be at His Majesty's Theatre, the other at the Lyric, on December 30th. At Sir Herbert Tree's playhouse "Orphée aux Enfers" is already in rehearsal, with Courtice Pounds as the devoted husband Orpheus, and Miss Eleanor Perry, a new comer, as the naughty Eurydice. At the Lyric, preparations on the most elaborate scale are being arranged by Mr. Faraday for the representation of Richard Strauss's "Fledermaus," with Miss Constance Drever in the principal part, Miss Muriel George (from the Follies—an excellent engagement this) as the maid, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa as the Prince. "The Chocolate Soldier" finishes on December 9th, when the Lyric will be put into the hands of the cleaners and decorators, consequently the rehearsals of "Die Fledermaus" will in all probability take place at the Empire, for Miss Phyllis Bedells, one of the Empire "stars," heads the ballet troupe which Mr. Faraday is including in his Strauss revival. Of course, the orchestra will be conducted by that "master-musician," Jacques Van Heuvel.

The Butterfly on the Wheel.

There was a universal shout of approval in Australia a few weeks ago when Mr. H. B. Irving announced that Miss Madge Titheradge, the brilliant young Australian actress who is now appearing in Messrs. Hemmerde and Neilson's "Butterfly on the Wheel," at the Queen's Theatre, was to accompany Mr. Lewis Waller as his leading lady out there during his season in 1912. In addition to the Hemmerde and Neilson play, Mr. Waller takes with him Henry Hamilton's costume drama "Bardelys the Magnificent," and he will also appear in Shakespeare's "Henry V."

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT SCHEME

Valuable and Seasonable Gifts to our Readers.

Christmas is coming once more, and in accordance with our usual custom, we propose to distribute a large number of presents among our readers, asking them in return to make a special effort to increase further our already gigantic circulation.

The presents will comprise:—

£5 NOTES, POSTAL ORDERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, TRAVELLING AND DRESSING BAGS, WORK BOXES, BICYCLES, UMBRELLAS, WALKING STICKS, PIPES, CIGARS & CIGARETTE CASES, CASES OF WINES & SPIRITS, TURKEYS, GEESE, AND PLUM PUDDINGS, CRACKERS, CUTLERY, GLASS, GAMES, BOOKS,

And a variety of other Useful Presents.

We wish we were in a position to give every reader something, but that being impracticable, the principle of allotment of the prizes will be the selection of the five hundred readers who, between now and December 20th next, in our opinion do the best work to increase our sales. There are many ways in which this can be done without inwaving any inconvenience or interference with ordinary work or occupations. Readers may pass their copies on to friends; they may buy an extra copy each and forward it to a relative or acquaintance in the country or abroad, with a recommendation of its merits; they may discuss its contents in the office, the workshop, the train and the tram, they may leave copies about wherever they go—in short, there is no limit to the things which may be done to attract attention to us.

All readers have to do is to fill up the coupon, when their names will be duly registered. Then, at any time up to, but not later than, December 13th they should send us reports of the efforts they are making on our behalf. Mark all envelopes containing coupons or reports with the word "Christmas" in the top left-hand corner.

(For Christmas Present Coupon see page 758.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

Beneathe
Thys blocke
Of
Italian marble,
In
A coffin made of
American oak,
And lyned wyth French velvette,
Reft
Ye remaynes
Of
Thatte greate Tariffe Reformer
Whofe watchwords were
"Tax ye foreigner"
And
"Support home induftries!"
To wit,

Ye Rygbt Honourable J. Austen Chamberlain,

P.C.,
For manie yeares
Member of Parliamente for
East Worcefterfhire.
Born Anno Domini 1863,
Hee earlie developed ftrong ideas
(If we may credyt ye reports of hys
Nurferie governefs)
On ye subject of
Retaliation
Butte
It was notte until hee grew uppe
Thatte hee manifefted any leanynges towards
Reciprocity.
However,
As a reward of hys partie activitie
Hee was made,
Anno Domini 1895,
A Civil Lord of ye Admiraltie,
In ye whych capacity hee shewed
Soe much abilitie
Thatte,
Anno Domini 1900,
Hee was made
Financial Secretarie to ye Treafurie.
Subfequentlie,
Thatte is to say, in Anno Domini 1902,
Hee was appoynted
Poftmafter General,
And duryngo ye period of hys offyce
Ye Britishe Publicke
Hadde more letters returned to them
"Unknown" or "Gone awaie"
Than ever before.
He was,
Anno Domini 1903, appoynted
Hys Majestye's Chancellor of ye Exchequer.
Anno Domini 1911
Ye deceafed was nominated
For ye leaderfhippe of ye Confervatyve Partie;
Butto
Walter Long ranne hym soe clofe
Thatte
Itt was decyded to eleckt neither of them,
Butte to putt Bonar Law
In ye seat of ye myghtie
Inftead.
Whych was done.

Your sighs, and teares, and moans roftrayne—
Itt's onlie *Auften* Chamberlain!

"PITY THE POOR EDITOR!"

Gems from our Letter Bag.

Can I claim money into Court for making 150 warts go off a farmer's hands. It is not my profession, but have earned a little by it.

Note the Nickelled Box with convenient Hinged Cover.

If it were as easy to get you to make the comparison as it is for the comparison to convince you, you would have been using Williams' Shaving Stick long ago.

When once we have induced you to try it in comparison with the best other shaving soap you have ever used,—after that, Williams' Shaving Stick does not need to be advertised to *you*.

We make it as easy as possible for you to make this comparison. Here is our offer: Send 2d. for the comparison size of Williams' Shaving Stick. If 50 comparison shaves don't convince you of its superiority we return your 2d. and all the postage you have used in corresponding with us. It's worth making the comparison *to-day*.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. Branches in all parts of the world. Head Office and factories: Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

CAUTION. There are spurious imitations of Williams' Shaving Stick. Be sure that your Shaving Stick always bears this name, viz.:—THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Every Type of Man can be fitted correctly with "Cutuna"—Leg Length just right—Sleeve Length just right—Waist and Chest Measures just right—no matter how the proportions vary.

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UNDERWEAR

is beautifully soft—cosy to the skin—fine for appearance and for wear—Positively Guaranteed against Shrinkage.

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PANTS.—Winter weight from 3/11 to 8/11: Medium weight 5/6

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82-83 Fleet Street, E.C.
28-29 Coventry Street, W.
113-120 New Oxford St.

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The story of a famous preparation.

A beverage has been discovered and placed upon the market which has caused quite a revolution in the department of drinkables. It is manufactured from four very valuable ingredients: Cocoa, Kola, Hops and Malt, and is the result of years of scientific research. This famous preparation is called Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

In the course of his 35 years' work as a medical practitioner, Dr. Tibbles often realised that there was not a really satisfactory beverage in use. He noticed that tea, coffee, and ordinary cocoa were not lasting in their beneficial effects. Sometimes, too, they left feelings of an unpleasant nature. He set to work to find a new and better substitute, and after much experimenting discovered what is daily becoming to be recognised as "Britain's Best Beverage."

The highest medical authorities recommend it. Thousands of letters of thanks from grateful consumers tell of its lasting worth. Every Briton should use it. It is British-discovered, British-manufactured, and of all the beverages in Britain, Vi-Cocoa is the best.

Give Vi-Cocoa a trial. Never mind what you've been drinking at breakfast or supper in the past, start drinking Vi-Cocoa *to-day*—you'll feel the benefit of it at once.

Do not ask your grocer for "Cocoa"—ask for

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

it makes all the difference. Every grocer sells Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins.

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THE wonderful thing about the Ingersoll watch is *not* its price.

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The Jewelled Trenton Watch offers the same security and saving to the buyer in high-grade watches that the Ingersoll does in the low-priced class. They are sold ONLY by Jewellers. Prices from 21/- upwards.

Ingersoll and Trenton Watches are fully guaranteed by the makers. If you cannot obtain a genuine Ingersoll or Trenton locally, do not accept a substitute, but write us for name of nearest dealer. Illustrated Catalogue FREE on request.

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The John Bull League.

BRANCH REPORTS.

Leeds.—The first Annual General Meeting of this branch was held on Friday, November 17th, at the Golden Lion Hotel, Lower Briggate. The General Secretary presided over a fair attendance of members. The Hon. Local Secretary (Mr. D. A. Macdonald) presented a report of the year's work, which was enthusiastically received. In formally moving its adoption, the General Secretary paid a well-deserved tribute to the late Chairman of the branch, Mr. W. B. Russell, and dealt fully with the intentions of the League with regard to the immediate future. He also explained to the meeting the heads of the proposed Constitution, the details of which were being considered by the various branches throughout the country, and which, it is hoped, will be finally settled by the end of the present year. The committee and officers retiring, the meeting next proceeded to the election of an executive for the ensuing year. Nine members of the old committee were re-elected, with two additional nominations, and the re-appointment of Mr. D. A. Macdonald as Local Secretary and Mr. T. Ellwood as Treasurer was enthusiastically confirmed. On the motion of Mr. D. A. Macdonald, seconded by Mr. E. R. Ward, Mr. Reginald Knight, an ex-Chairman of the Hunslet Board of Guardians, was unanimously elected Chairman of the branch.

Birmingham.—The members of this branch have been working in connection with the City Council by-election, and they attended a meeting at the Public Hall, Erdington, last Saturday evening in support of Mr. W. S. Goodwin, who has stood as the first Business candidate for the City Council. Mr. C. L. Kay (Chairman) and Mr. C. K. Wilson (Secretary, Bordesley Green) both made excellent speeches, which were very well received. In connection with this branch a smoking concert will be held at the White Horse Hotel, Congreve Street, on Friday, December 15th, and a grand whist drive on Wednesday, January 10th, 1912, particulars of which will be announced later. Mr. Norman Owen has been elected Local Secretary for Four Oaks and Sutton Coldfield, and anyone desirous of joining should communicate with him at "The Primroses," Four Oaks. Will all members please note that the headquarters of the Birmingham branch are situated at the Central Restaurant, Corporation Street, where all communications addressed to the Central Secretary, Mr. Arthur F. Taylor, will have prompt attention?

Edinburgh.—Attention is particularly called to the smoking concert to be held at the Cathedral Hotel, Cockburn Street, to-morrow (Friday) night. A very attractive programme will be submitted, and all comers heartily welcomed. Prior to the concert the first annual general meeting of the branch will be held, which, it is hoped, members will attend in force.

Hull.—A highly successful smoking concert was held at the Manchester Hotel on Friday, November 17th, when the Chair was taken by Mr. F. W. Morrisey. An excellent musical programme had been provided, amongst the best items being the 'cello solos of Mr. F. Thomas and the humorous selections of Mr. Joe Loret, who was enthusiastically applauded. In addition, Miss E. Evison rendered two songs in a particularly charming manner, and the Chairman, Mr. Morrisey, also delighted the audience with a couple of contributions. Half way through the programme Mr. Morrisey gave a brief but inspiriting address on the aims and objects of the League. The Annual General Meeting of the branch will take place at an early date.

Manchester.—The first Annual General Meeting of this branch will be held on Tuesday, December 5th, at the Albion Hotel, when the Executive Committee for the ensuing year will be elected. The chair will be taken by the General Secretary.

Sheffield.—At a recent committee meeting Mr. W. H. Dyson was appointed District Secretary of the Attercliffe Division, and Messrs. Holmes and Hewson were co-opted to the Executive Committee. Members are cordially invited to the Wentworth Café on Monday next, the 27th, at 8 p.m., when it is proposed to hold a debate. A whist drive has been arranged at the Imperial Hall, Pinstone Street, on December 4th at 8 p.m. Tickets (3s. 6d. double and 2s. single, including refreshments) can be obtained from the Central Secretary and members of the Executive Committee.

"JOHN BULL"
AND
THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

AN EXPOSURE.

¶ In response to many requests from persons who are interested in the revelations recently made by "John Bull" respecting the Industrial Section of the Prudential Assurance Co., the Articles have been reprinted and are now obtainable in a handy pamphlet form at a nominal price.

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION :—
Was "After you" what the other two said to Mr. Bonar Law?
Is the Unionist prayer "Law, deliver us"?
Aren't there some "company promoters" among the Peers?
Is the Land Tax a "paying" game for the Government?
Isn't the "Coal Outlook" rather a black one?
Doesn't the Crown Prince of Germany agree that it *is* the *Fatherland*?
Isn't a little "pulling together" what the Unionist Party needs?
Aren't the Italian troops finding it a bit "hot" in Tripoli?
Is boxing to become merely a "past-time" affair?
Will a redistribution of seats mean fewer "soft" ones?

Clergymen recently acted as stokers. The practice may come in handy.

A Streatham sweep is to give lectures on Biology. But wouldn't the Calcutta sweep know more about the race?

A motor-car recently ran into a playground. It doubtless considered this the proper place for breaking up.

A new book is called "The Wife He Never Saw." Why didn't he get home earlier?

Southend, according to the medical officer, possesses the tallest children for their age in England. The result, perhaps, of stretching to see the sea.

The cook who was fined forty shillings for stealing a steak now thinks it was a mis-steak.

A morning paper tells us how to make a tough fowl tender. A marked copy should be sent to every restaurant in the City.

"There are no rights of women," says Mrs. Penny. No, they spell it "rites."

The Willesden Education Committee have decided to teach the children gardening. While the parents watch the rates grow, we suppose.

Los Angeles has decided to have policemen on roller skates. They will cut a pretty figure.

A hymnal for men only has been published. Won't the women rush to buy it!

"We like your meat, but not your fish," ran a note left by burglars. What will they say when they get their deserts?

"Explosion at a Brewery," says a heading. Many others just now would welcome a good report.

"Stones were made for boys to throw," says the magistrate at Tottenham. Perhaps the opportunity may arrive when they will strike him differently.

"Public taste is a constantly varying quality," says Mr. Walter Crane. Yes, it changes as a rule three or four times a day.

The headline, "Thin Coppers to be Destroyed," moved a kitchen-lady to remark, "Well, thank heaven, mine's fat enough."

"Tea is simply hot water with a little taste in it," says a doctor. But the "little taste" is not always tea.

Mr. Vaniman, who expects to cross the Atlantic by airship in four days, should transpose the third and fourth letters of his name.

An engine-driver at Sittingbourne mistook some green feathers in a woman's hat for the guard's flag. Evidently a "clearing line."

"All evening gowns are being made of clinging materials," says a fashion note. Young men should beware.

"Fire at a beauty spot," says a heading. Rather a drastic way of getting rid of it.

Flying without an engine, is the latest. We hope disaster will not come in its train.

Open Letter to "John Bull."

November 25th, 1911.

Dear John,

Have you noticed how some men grumble about shaving these cold mornings? They're the fellows who use foreign or inferior shaving soaps. You never hear a grumble from the man who uses the British and Best "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, he gets an "easy" shave on the coldest day.

Trial sample "Erasmic" Shaving Stick 2d. stamps. Money refunded if not satisfied. What could be fairer?

Yours truly,

"ERASMIC."

The Erasmic Co., Ltd.
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The Only Foods That Dogs Need.

MOLASSINE
Dog and Puppy Cakes.

Hound, Terrier and Puppy Foods.

They aid digestion, keep dogs healthy and their coats and skins in perfect condition. Eradicate worms and all internal parasites. Prevent dogs from emitting unpleasant odours.

Free from Drugs or medicaments of any kind.

FREE Samples from

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"Every Molassine Dog Cake wags a tail."

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Write direct for name of nearest retailer to

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded.*

"BARUM" (Barnstaple).—If, as you say, the *licensed victuallers* of Barnstaple had *to find* £700 to close a public-house on the ground of redundancy, and the premises were opened again as a working men's club, it strikes us as being manifestly unfair.

"A HASTINGS READER."—*Eldridge and Morris*, moneylenders, are hot stuff.

W. B. (Catford).—Let your *Hexton* friend write to us when the *election* comes round, and we will give him good advice.

E. J. (Brighton) thinks the *Bishop of London* ought to marry because Nelson's father was a clergyman. We hope the argument will appeal to his lordship, and that we shall soon hear of the banns being put up.

H. J. C. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—We do not advise our readers to take tickets in any *Continental lotteries*.

L. R. D. (Small Heath).—*One month's hard labour* does not strike us as adequate punishment *for knocking a man's eye out* in an unprovoked assault, especially when there had been two previous convictions for violence. Oh, for a Business Bench!

A. E. W. AND W. M. B. (Kingston-on-Thames).—We do not agree with the *G.P.O.'s* action in *stopping* the *pay* of certain season assistants because of Coronation Day, and we venture to think that the King would also deprecate it. Yes; family influence in public appointments is too much in evidence. But so long as we have Party Government we shall be governed by family party.

W. E. (London, E.) suggests that *Smyth-Pigott* should name his fourth child "Amen." It certainly would be a fitting conclusion to our "Revelations."

T. H. B. (Rotherham).—We see no objection to the reverend gentleman hoping that his parishioners will become as fond of *his wife* as he is himself, provided he does not permit them to express their affection as freely.

"A READER OF 'JOHN BULL.'"—We are sorry to hear that copies of JOHN BULL have been *filched* from the Sheerness-on-Sea Working Men's Club. But there, we must make every allowance for the great temptation.

R. B. (Buenos Ayres) tells us that "it would only excite disbelief to give the many cases of molestation of females and the utterly inadequate power of *the police* to cope with the evil" in that city. We must be careful not to send Mrs. Bull out there.

Y. Z. (Dean Lane) protests against the low wages and long hours of the *L. and Y. Railway*. When the railways are nationalised, all these grievances will be redressed.

"JOHN BULLITE" (Bridlington) sends us a *Primitive Methodist* pamphlet inviting donations, adjuring its readers to seek salvation, and concluding with the startling warning to "Look out for the GREAT TEA!" There is, no doubt, some primitive method in this madness.

W. T. (Horsell).—We agree that every seat in a theatre for which money is paid should provide an *uninterrupted view of the stage*. Where the "dead-heads" sit doesn't matter.

G. T. (Pinsbury Park) tells us he would not like to live in *Jersey*. Neither would we.

W. V. R. (Plymouth) considers he has been badly treated by the Admiralty with respect to an *invention*. We are not surprised.

S. G. H. (Hastings).—Unfortunately we know of no *cure for cancer*—nor does anyone else.

(*Continued on page 774.*)

of the ladder. I.C.S. students are daily rising to positions of power, influence, and control.

That is because I.C.S. training fits a man for higher work, gives him self-confidence, and qualifies him as a master of men. At small expense, in your own home, this postal tuition will give you theoretical, practical training, and increase your wage-earning power

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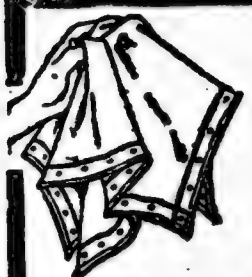

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No. 317. Ladies' Superfine Mull hemstitched and embroidered Handkerchiefs. Tiny flowers forming design. About 13 ins. square. Per dozen. 3/9

No. 1.0. Ladies' Fine Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with any initial in wheatear and butterfly surround. Design 1⅞ in.; 13 ins. square. Per dozen 7/11

No. 58. Gentlemen's Linen Handkerchiefs, with any 1 in initial in "Old English" style; 20 ins. square, with ¾ in. hem. Per doz. 11/9

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A. M'D. (Newport, Mon.) points out that certain signalmen who were faithful to the railway companies during *the recent strike* have not been treated so well as they expected. But loyalty, like virtue, is very often its own (and only) reward.

J. H. D. (Dublin) would like us to start a branch of the *John Bull League* in his city. "The John Bull League is marching on." Doubtless it will reach the Liffey before long.

F. E. D. (Taunton) sends us a cutting from the *Bristol Evening Times and Echo*, in which foot-and-mouth disease is mentioned under the heading "The World's Navies." We are not surprised. We have often heard *sheep called ship*.

A. M. (Clapham Common) points out that the word *pickle* in the Scotch dialect means a small quantity or particle of anything. We prefer the English interpretation—with cold beef.

W. L. C. (Glasgow).—This is your conundrum: "Is *Masterman as black as he is painted?* If so, did we ever see a black whitewasher?" In future we will call him white.

C. F. C. (Chicago).—If you have a conscientious conviction that people are justified in calling themselves *Latter Day Saints* we won't disturb it. Really, they may call themselves Early Afternoon or Late Night Saints for all we care.

"Ambitious" (London).—Why should not *husbands know how much their wives are intellectually worth?* What are you driving at? When is a mouse if it sins?

F. H. (Mexboro') went to the Grocers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and being interested in an exhibit of *paper bag cookery*, paid for a sample packet of bags, 6d., postage 3d., to be sent to his address. He is still waiting for those bags, and requires the address of the exhibitors who have lost their memory.

G. W. E. (Reading) overheard a young lady asking for the *Church Times* at a railway station. Failing to get it, she asked for John Bull. Next time she will doubtless give us the preference. What luck some people do have!

H. P. S. (Southall) complains that the Post Office is changing his *telephone number* unnecessarily. He is certainly justified in his sneer at the illegible signature of the General Manager of the Post Office Telephone Service for South London. We suppose it is too much to expect that highly-paid officials should learn to write.

F. B. (Stratford).—Of course a blind man can take out a *motor driver's licence*, but it may be taken away from him if he gets *too* blind. Greater care seems to be exercised in respect of aviators.

"Bullite" (Kelvedon).—It would be much easier to persuade people to take their *holidays in England*, if kill-joys did not make holiday-resorts such dismal graveyards. Holidays are still so far and few between that they must not be wasted.

X. (Stourbridge) says that, when he advertises for a managing clerk, he will have nothing to do with *Oxford and Cambridge graduates*. But some have occasionally manifested sufficient intelligence to become Prime Ministers and Generals and Editors. The poor devils did not ask to be sent to Universities.

H. L. B. (Edinburgh) objects to *David* and his harp appearing in the "criminal gallery" of some waxworks. But His Majesty did overstep the law occasionally, didn't he? We are sure there can have been no thought of Lloyd George. Who ever saw him with a harp? Anyhow, why harp on trifles?

J. K. (Crumpsall).—Every sympathy, but your endless complaints are not of general interest. Do cultivate *brevity* before you write again.

F. H. C. (Streatham Park) relates a grievance and says "It all savours of the washing of hands. I think you'll possibly say *Soap-be-it.*" Let us soap not. Amen.

D. S. (St. John's Wood).—Why take these attacks on your *religion* so seriously?

P. S. H. (Headlands, S. Rhodesia).—We know many things, but are not authorities on *the Taal*. So we bow to your superior judgment, though we defend our transliteration of Lo Ben.

F. L. F. (Cannon Street).—We do not think much of the Post Office, but we really do not think you can blame it if you failed to ascertain the correct *telegraphic address*.

A. L. D. (Woking).—You may be right, but *horses and babies* have different digestions when it comes to poisons. What would you give us as a dope if we ever felt anæmic?

R. C. (Ayr).—We are assured by the firm that "*proof wires*" are sent to the *Sporting Chronicle, Sportsman, Sporting Life*, and other journals, each day before racing commences.

"Bullpup" (Watford) sends us a Notice to Parents and Guardians of *telegraph messengers*, by which it is required that boys who get a wage of five shillings a week should be provided with two pairs of socks weekly, good oil blacking and dubbin for their boots, and, as "Bullpup" puts it, "go to the unnecessary trouble of washing their feet every night." We can only say that the sanitary requirements of the Post Office, in this instance, strike us as being somewhat beneficent.

"Gratitude" (Slough).—A Slough reader picked up in a public auction room *a purse* containing more than £4 in cash. He returned it to the owner, through the proprietor of the auction room, but up to this moment he has not received any acknowledgment.

G. T. (London, N.) says that if we are to "continue to put up with such ridiculous legislation as the *Lottery and Gambling Acts*, we shall have to enlist more police, in which case the Nonconformist Conscience should be called upon to pay for them." We will suggest this to the Nonconformist Conscience.

J. L. (Heaton).—If ever we make another fortune there is no doubt we shall spend some of it in *a daily* John Bull. Live, like us, in hope.

"Traveller" (Birmingham).—We note you have "found that no *parcels are delivered* until 10 a.m. or after" *by the Birmingham Post Office.* What a pity the officials do not awake earlier in the morning.

"Honest Fruit Seller" (Lambeth).—It is not legal for *plain clothes policemen* in the A and B divisions to *arrest fruit sellers* who are getting an honest living "if they have not committed an offence." But, of course, even the Lord Chancellor would not be allowed to create a persistent obstruction.

A. W. (Handsworth).—A notice sent to you, printed on blue paper and commencing "*Final Notice Before Taking Action* in the County Court," is, as you say, likely to terrify and is certainly improper.

F. E. (Byfleet) tells us he is sure we shall be glad to know he is still in the *Land of the Living*. We are not so sure.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

Statements by Physicians.

A Matter of Public Interest.

Practising physicians, as is well known, will not recommend any production or proprietary article of whose merit they are not fully convinced. That is why so many "testimonials from physicians" are viewed with scepticism by the present-day public. Furthermore, even in the case of genuine testimony from doctors, professional etiquette forbids the publication of their names.

It is therefore of the greatest interest to discover a series of actual statements made by doctors. Such is the case with the following declarations which prominent, practising British physicians have made during the last twelve months:—

My Own Family.

"I shall never advise anything but Hall's Wine for tonic purposes so long as I find its standard is maintained. I use it a good deal for elderly people who could not stand an adulterated or inferior wine. I use it in my own family, and, in fact, occasionally take it myself."

(Interview W. 262—9th Feb., 1911.)

Anæmia.

"Besides being especially effective as a tonic in post influenza and in convalescence generally, I have used it with good results in anæmia. It undoubtedly disposes the patient to make a better attempt with her food and conduces to assimilation."

Debility and Convalescence.

"Hall's Wine is the only thing of the sort I advise. I get most satisfactory results from it in general cases of debility, also in convalescence—particularly post influenza cases."

(Interview W. 237.—2nd Feb., 1911.)

Post Influenza Cases.

"I do not use stimulants much, but in post influenza cases, if the patient's condition allows of alcohol, I advise a little Hall's Wine. I do not recognise any other tonic wine."

(Interview W. 238—6th Feb., 1911.)

After Influenza, and in Any Convalescence.

"I try every tonic wine which comes to my notice, but I do not find any to equal Hall's; I consider it the soundest wine of this character on the market. I find it of most use in post influenza cases, but in any case of convalescence in which a stimulant is permissible I use Hall's Wine."

(Interview W. 241—5th Dec., 1910.)

A Personal Test.

"I had frequently advised Hall's Wine in convalescence, but had never made a personal test of it until recently, when I was laid up with influenza. I then realised the extent of its tonic properties. It enabled me to get about again much more quickly than I should have with ordinary medicaments."

(Interview W. 239—6th Feb., 1911.)

A Very Good Friend.

"Hall's Wine is a very good friend of mine. For years I have been a martyr to influenza. I get it in almost any sort of weather, and Hall's Wine has given me a 'leg up' many a time, and enabled me to resume my work after a very short lay up."

(Interview W. 230—17th March, 1911.)

Expectations Exceeded.

"I have been advising Hall's Wine for about twelve months whenever I had a case needing a tonic, and I may say that the results have been much more satisfactory than I had been led to expect."

(Interview W. 233—21st Nov., 1910.)

Always Reliable.

"Whenever a case needs a stimulant I advise Hall's Wine. I have always found it reliable in quality, and specific in results. I consider it a standard preparation."

(Interview W. 206.—21st Dec., 1910.)

The above statements having been voluntarily made to our interviewer, he has made a Sworn Declaration before a Commissioner for Oaths that they are true and accurate statements in all particulars. The interviews have been numbered because of the already-mentioned reasons for the omission of the physicians' names

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, "*Double U. L.*" *of* Lotinga's Weekly, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

The Bookies' Protective "Cherub."

Each autumn over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire nearly every speculator goes in for the alluring "double event," each individual having two or three, and at times a dozen. The elimination of Hornet's Beauty proved a tremendous help for all bookmakers, who invariably wait until the very last moment possible, just to allow for the chance of that probable "something" happening to the most generally selected horses. At times, especially of recent years, they have been rather cornered through the collapse in price of some popular favourite, particularly in the season when Ballantrae became a 9 to 4 Cambridgeshire chance through the heavy doubles upon her and the false pinched absurd price which "covering" money drove her to.

Prophetic.

Everybody will be keen upon a last flutter; but why "go" so often, for there are other races, and even another season? Impetuosity beats us just as it beats the headstrong horse over a distance.

We must have a flutter—grounded upon what I saw at Derby. This is Floran for Friday's Lancashire Nursery, as the colt was clearly second best to Covert Side—and even looked like winning at 6 furs., the distance of this race.

But the only event to really wager upon is Saturday's November Handicap, in which they are a baddish lot, and I can foresee some terrible turn up of even worse than the Clarenceux type. Everything wins in its turn, and how well this might be the turn of bogeys such as Anchora, Knight of Honour, or even Donnez Moi. You can't possibly make them win it on the book strictly—and yet you can't put them out of it. As Fort missed Lingfield, where he must have won, and now runs here, I hope to see the unlucky colours of Jimmy Hare actually win a big race at last, for hitherto they have never done it. Therefore my tip must be

Fort,

but I am terribly frightened of Anchora (who, however, may run at Warwick in the interim), and even of Knight of Honour, who *each way* is thought good enough to get back the Yellow Slave losings.

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The "Mirror of Life" for Oct. 22nd says:—"Messrs. H. Hamilton & Co. have won for themselves an exceptional reputation for prompt payments, and we have no hesitation in recommending the Firm as a thoroughly reliable one."
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Louis design mahogany bedroom suite, 28 guineas; 6 ft. walnut bedroom suite, 40 guineas; 7 ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, with bow front to wardrobe, 30 guineas; 7 ft. satinwood bedroom suite, 10 guineas; several inlaid chests, from 50s.; 6 ft. walnut wardrobe, 15 guineas; 6 ft. 6 in. mahogany wardrobe, fitted drawers and trays, 12 guineas; several iron bedsteads, from 9s.; black and brass bedsteads, 10s.; full size black and brass bedsteads, with wire springs, 21s.; 9 oak bedsteads, 15s.; pair brass twin bedsteads, 5 guineas; pair white and brass twin bedsteads, 3 guineas; inlaid Sheraton bedstead, including wire spring mattress, £3 15s.; full size all brass bedstead, 60s.; pair mahogany twin bedsteads, £2 19s. 6d.; full size all brass square tube Italian bedstead, 8 guineas, and several others up to 18 guineas. The Dining Room furniture comprises fumed oak dining room suite consisting of large size sideboard, 6 chairs, 2 carving chairs, overmantel, dining table, rug, etc., will accept £13 7s. 6d. the lot; most massive carved oak Elizabethan design dining room set, consisting of sideboard with bevelled plate glass back, oxydised copper fittings, fitted cellarette, 6 massive carved oak chairs, and 2 carving chairs to match, dining table, 16 guineas the set; a similar set, with large sideboard and 2 lounge easy chairs, upholstered in red leather, 25 guineas; magnificent oak dining room suite, £8 15s.; oak suite, to green pegamoid, £3 19s. 6d.; sideboard to match, 4 guineas; overmantel, 30s.; Queen Anne design dining room suite, £5 15s.; sideboard to match, £7 15s.; dining table, £2 15s.; handsome Queen Anne design mahogany dining room set, upholstered in red leather, £7 19s. 6d. dining table to match, 4 guineas; Chippendale design set of chairs, ball and claw feet, exquisite design, 12 guineas; oak, walnut and mahogany sideboards large variety in stock, from £4 10s. to 40 guineas; about 50 odd dining room chairs; 20 dining tables, from 21s.; oak bureau, 21s.; pedestal writing tables; roll top desks, all sizes; revolving bookcases; a most superb Chesterfield, and 2 large club easy chairs to match in green leather, £15 10s.; mahogany secretaire bookcase, enclosed by 2 glass doors, cupboards under, 8 guineas. The Drawing Room furniture comprises very fine drawing room suite, upholstered in art tapestry, £3 10s.; another design suite, £6 10s.; satinwood finish drawing room suite, 7 guineas; an elegant design Louis XIV. gilt drawing room suite, £19 10s.; another set, similar design, 14 guineas; Chesterfield drawing room suite, with 2 large lounge easy chairs, and 4 solid mahogany chairs, most exquisite design, £12 19s. 6d.; large size double sprung Chesterfield and 2 large easy chairs to match, covered in silk tapestry, 22 guineas; set of Dutch Marqueterie chairs, 14 guineas; handsome design Vernis Marten cabinet, 16 guineas; another, 12 guineas; Buhl cabinet, 11 guineas; another, 14 guineas; table en suite, 8 guineas; Chesterfields, from £3 10s. to 10 guineas; Chippendale design cabinet, £2 19s. 6d.; similar one, £5 15s.; Sheraton design cabinet, £3 15s.; Sheraton design specimen table, 50s.; occasional tables, from 12s. 6d.; occasional chairs, 50 in stock, from 6s. 6d.; 2 white enamel over-mantels, 18s. 6d. and 27s. 6d.; oval gilt table, 10 guineas; pair 9-light candelabra, 6 guineas; 5-light candelabra, 10 guineas; clock in ormolu case, £8 15s.; piano, 8 guineas; an upright piano, iron frame, £12 15s.; ditto, by Carl Strauss, 20 guineas; and several others in stock up to 40 guineas; grand pianos by Steinway, Bechstein, Bluthner, etc. Large stock of carpets, Tapestry, Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets and rugs to match, from 18s. 6d.; a large variety of Axminster and Wilton carpets, always in stock, from £2 15s. 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The following claims have been received for our issue of October 14th:—

W. H. FARRAR, Junior, 18, Florida Street, Bethnal Green, E. No. 191,452.—14th October.

J. E. FARRAR, 1, Alexandra Drive, St. Helens. No. 436,210.—14th October.

The following are the fifty numbers for the issue of October 28th:—

145	210802	380911	562120	753088
14757	223743	393236	580092	767010
31689	245046	413207	620268	770507
78358	252126	420438	635953	779236
84622	266514	460695	651763	816522
115111	269304	484559	677081	839811
123270	273925	499279	690901	845494
136183	305172	518395	712856	862751
156513	316593	531492	736695	868805
178666	353864	550092	745453	873650

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 23RD (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 21ST).

The John Bull League.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mr. Douglas Stuart conducts by far the largest turf accountancy business in the world.—
Sporting Life, July 17, 1911.

DOUGLAS STUART

IS AGAIN OFFERING HIS UNEQUALLED
TERMS FOR THE APPROACHING

JUMPING SEASON

INCLUDING **NO LIMIT TO WIN OR PLACE PRICES**

When favourite starts "ODDS ON" in every race under National Hunt Rules in the Entire Kingdom.

☞ **NO LIMIT TO PLACE PRICES,** even when favourite starts ODDS ON. He will pay £50 to £1 a "PLACE" if returned, even though YOUR Turf Accountant limits YOUR winnings to 2 to 1 on the same race. Examine YOUR book of rules at once: it may mean hundreds of pounds difference to YOU in a season.

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☞ **COMMISSIONS** may be wired from the Course up to the actual time of "OFF," irrespective of the set time of the race.

☞ **FUTURE EVENTS** Fullest prices guaranteed as quoted by the "Sportsman."

☞ **RELIABILITY.** What you win you will get. If £100,000. Douglas Stuart has not thought it necessary to state his "Bank Balance," which naturally varies, as he PAYS OUT large sums, but £10,000 paid "on Demand" speaks for itself.

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BASLE, SWITZERLAND, otherwise they will be ignored.

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